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UNDERWOOD. CRAWFORD. HARDEMAN. TOOMBS. LOVE. JONES. IVERSON. HILL. GARTRELL. JACKSON.

THE GEORGIA DELEGATION IN CONGRESS.—Photographed by Brady.—[See next Page.]

THE GEORGIA DELEGATION IN CONGRESS.

ROBERT TOOMBS, a Senator from Georgia, has already been chronicled in *Harper's Weekly* as one of the Representative Men of the Republic. Born in Wilkes County, where he now resides, on the 2d of July, 1810, he received, as he grew up, the best educational advances that the State afforded; then went to Union College, at Schenectady, New York, where he graduated; and before he had attained the legal age was admitted to practice at the bar by special statute of the Georgia Legislature. In 1837 he was elected to the Georgia House of Representatives, in which he sat (with the exception of the session of 1841) until elected to Congress in 1845. Originally a Democrat, he had turned from General Jackson after the "Force Bill," which was launched against the South Carolina nullifiers, and had joined the State Rights party of Georgia, led by Governor Troup, and known by his name. But while he admired the abstract theories of Calhoun, the young Georgian advocated that material progress, and that system of education, which has had such a wonderful effect. Taking his seat in the House of Representatives at Washington in 1845, Mr. Toombs was classed among the State Rights Whigs, but has never acknowledged fealty to either caucus or party discipline. In 1850 he joined Howell Cobb and other Democrats in the formation of the Constitutional Union Party, and the next year led off in dissolving the Whig phalanx. In 1852 he was elected to the United States Senate, where he has of late acted with the Democrats, yet ever opposed extravagance, consolidation, and humbug, and never hesitated to do what he thought right, regardless of public opinion.

ALFRED IVERSON, the other United States Senator from Georgia, was born in Burke County in that State, on the 3d of December, 1798; and after having graduated at Princeton College in 1820, commenced the practice of law at Columbus. Taking a deep interest in political matters, he was elected for three successive terms to the State House of Representatives and then to the State Senate. On the reorganization of the Superior Court he was elected Judge for a term of three years, and then re-elected for a term of four years. In 1845 he was an elector at large on the ticket which gave the vote of the State to James K. Polk, having as a colleague Governor M'Donald (recently deceased), and as a district elector on the ticket Herschel V. Johnson, who recently run on the Presidential ticket with Judge Douglas. In 1847 he was elected, as a Democrat, a member of the Thirtieth Congress, in which Abraham Lincoln was likewise a Representative. In 1854 he was elected to the United States Senate, where he took his seat in March, 1855, and where his term will expire in March next. He has been a valuable member of the Committee on Claims, and also of the Committee on Military Affairs; nor has he ever hesitated in the frank expression of his opinion, especially in the prolonged discussion on the naval retiring board, the action of which he afterward denounced in debate as "one of the most outrageous and disgraceful proceedings ever put on the records of the country." Although now a decided secessionist, he has not heretofore hesitated to express himself (in urging the increase of the army), as an advocate of the employment of force by the General Government to secure the execution of the Federal laws.

PETER E. LOVE, Representative from the First District, was born near Dublin in Georgia, on the 7th of July, 1818, and was left an orphan at an early age. Educated under the guardianship of his brother-in-law, General Eli Warren, he entered Franklin College in 1834, where he remained until 1837, when he left to commence the study of medicine. The next year he attended the lectures at Philadelphia; but not fancying the medical profession, he returned to Georgia, where he so diligently prepared himself for the bar that he was admitted to practice in 1839. In 1840 he took an active part in the Presidential election, aiding in giving the electoral vote of Georgia to General Harrison, and in 1843 he was elected Solicitor-General of the Southern Judicial Circuit, in which capacity he won high honors. In 1844 he again did yeoman's service in the Whig ranks in favor of Henry Clay, but afterward joined in the Constitutional Union movement, and in 1853 was appointed Judge of the Southern Judicial Circuit by Governor Cobb, a position which he continued to hold by repeated elections. In 1859 he was elected to the House of Representatives, and while a zealous advocate of the rights of his State, he has carefully looked after the interests of the city of Savannah, in his own district, securing the mail-service with Havana, and otherwise aiding the progress of that flourishing sea-port.

MARTIN J. CRAWFORD, of Columbus, is the efficient representative from the Second Congressional District, and the readers of *Harper's Weekly* will remember the previously published sketch of his life. Descended from the Crawfords so honorably identified with the history of Georgia, he was born in Jasper County, on the 17th of March, 1820; completed his education at the Mercer University; was admitted to the bar, served as a member of the Georgia Legislature from 1845 to 1847, and in 1853 was elected Judge of the Superior Court for the Chattahoochee Circuit. In 1855 he was elected a member of the House in the Thirty-fourth Congress, and has since been a leading spirit among those who are opposed to extravagant expenditure as necessarily leading to a consolidation of the Federal Government. On the questions which have brought about the present crisis he has ever taken a decided stand.

THOMAS HARDEMAN, JUN., the representative from the Third or Macon District, was born in Bibb County, Georgia, on the 12th of January, 1825, and after having graduated at Emory College in 1845, engaged in mercantile pursuits, with great success. He was elected to the Georgia House of Representatives in 1853, and again in 1857, and was a State Senator in the intermediate term of 1855. In the Presidential contest of 1856 Fillmore carried the Macon District by 65 votes, and Mr. Hardeman was elected by 153 majority, after a close contest. Although he has made no public declaration of his views on the great question of the day, he is not in any wise behind his colleagues in the expression of his devotion to State Rights.

LUCIUS J. GARTRELL, the Representative from the Fourth Congressional District, was born in Wilkes County, Georgia, on the 7th of January, 1821. After completing his education at Macon College, Virginia, and Franklin College, at Athens, Georgia, he studied law, was admitted to the bar, and in 1843 was elected Solicitor-General of the Northern Judicial Circuit. In 1847 he resigned this position, having been elected to the State Legislature, but was re-elected in 1849, so efficiently had he before discharged his duties. In 1856 he was one of the Presidential electors who gave the vote of the State to James Buchanan; in 1857 he was elected a Representative in the Thirty-Fifth Congress; and in 1859 he was re-elected to the present Congress. An experienced and able debater, he has spoken on most of the prominent questions before the House since he has been a member, especially on the contested election cases. On the question of Southern Rights he has taken a decided stand, and in January, 1860, he gave notice in a speech that—to use his own words—"the issues are fully made up, and the trial between right and wrong, justice and injustice, lawlessness and the Constitution, union and disunion, will soon be had [at the Presidential election], and I pray God that the result at the ballot-box may not be such as to force upon my people the dire necessity of appealing to the cartridge-box."

JOHN W. H. UNDERWOOD, the Representative from the Fifth District, was born in Elbert County, Georgia, November 20, 1816. Receiving a thorough education, he studied law, and was admitted to the bar in 1834, when he soon took a high rank in his profession, and in 1843 was elected by the General Assembly Judge of the Western Circuit, a position which he resigned in 1847. In 1850 he was elected a member of the Constitutional Convention, and espoused the cause of Southern Rights, siding with the late Governor M'Donald against the Union candidate, Howell Cobb, in their famous gubernatorial struggle. Presidents Pierce and Buchanan each tendered him a judicial appointment; but he declined. In 1857 he was elected a member of the lower branch of the Georgia Legislature, and was chosen Speaker. In 1859 he was elected to Congress by a very large majority, and was prominent in his endeavors to consolidate the entire Southern vote with that of the Northern Democrats in the election of Speaker, which was known to be indicative of the Presidential choice. But he ever avowed his belief that the Constitution of the United States is a compact, and that each State, as a party to the compact, is—in case of its infraction—to judge of the mode of redress.

JAMES JACKSON, who represents the Sixth, or Athens District, was born in Jefferson County, in 1819, and is of that Jackson family so long and so honorably identified with the history of Georgia. After having completed his studies at Franklin College, where he graduated in 1837, he read law, and was admitted to the bar in 1840. In 1842 he entered political life, and was elected Secretary to the State Senate; in 1845, and again in 1847, he was elected a member of the State House of Representatives; in 1849 he was elected by the Legislature Judge of the Western Circuit; and in 1853, and again in 1857, the people re-elected him to the same position. Nominated for Congress, he resigned his judgeship, and was elected, taking his seat in December, 1857.

JOSHUA HILL, who represents the Seventh District, was born in Abbeville District, South Carolina, but removed to Georgia early in life. Although not favored with a collegiate education he was a diligent student, and in due time was admitted to the bar. Here he acquired a high reputation, and was honored with several local trusts; until, in 1857, he was elected by the American party to Congress, and re-elected in 1859, when the contest was so close that he only had 139 majority, Fillmore having received at the previous Presidential election 84 majority. He is devotedly attached to national American principles, and has always refused to join in the discussion of slavery on the floor of the House, regarding it as a strictly *local question*, on the merits or demerits of which Congress has no right to talk or to legislate. But he has avowed himself a Southern Rights man. "I am prepared," said he, three years since, "to assert my rights, and shall be ready when the time comes, if it ever should—which God in his mercy avert!—to assert them to the utmost extreme. I shall stand prepared to take my destiny with those who are indissolubly linked with me. These are no idle enunciations. I deal not in them. They are the earnest convictions of my heart, and I will deceive no man. I say to the North, before you shall succeed to power, if you do obtain the possession of the Government, by all the glories of your boasted Bunker Hill; by the memories of your Pilgrim Fathers, whom I have never traduced, and never will; by the common blood that was poured out at Concord and Lexington and Saratoga, and on the battle-fields of the South, I implore you to give up and abandon this idea, which is suicidal to the Confederacy, of restricting the institution of slavery to its present limits. What would you say in the event our country shall expand? But if you have determined to go on, if you have sworn in your hearts never to relent, you may, and perhaps will, have the power; but whenever you seek to use it, the unhappy day will have arrived when this nation, and civilized man throughout the world, will have cause to lament the dire calamity involved in your success."

JOHN J. JONES, the Representative from the Eighth District, is the only son of Hon. Seaborn H. Jones, of Burke County, where he was born on the 13th November, 1824. After having graduated with honor at Emory College, he studied law, and was admitted to practice in 1848. After the retirement of Alexander H. Stephens he was elected as his successor, and enjoys the general esteem of his colleagues from all sections.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, JANUARY 5, 1861.

THE ABANDONMENT OF FORT MOULTRIE.

THE country is thrown into a state of great excitement by the intelligence that, on Christmas night, the gallant Major ANDERSON, commanding the United States force at FORT MOULTRIE, abandoned that fort, and removed all his command to FORT SUMTER. The guns at FORT MOULTRIE have been spiked, and the gun-carriages burned. FORT SUMTER is a work of great strength, and, with the force now in it, commanded as it is, can be held securely against any army that South Carolina can bring against it. FORT MOULTRIE, on the other hand, was a very weak position, and could not have been defended against a vigorous attack. The movement reflects the greatest credit on the judgment of Major ANDERSON, who, it seems, acted exclusively on his own responsibility in the matter, and without consultation with the Government or with General SCOTT.

Such of our readers as may wish to understand the movement are referred to the last Number of *Harper's Weekly*, in which we published a Plan of the CHARLESTON HARBOR, showing the various FORTS AND A PROFILE VIEW OF THE SAME; to No. 203, in which we gave a splendid picture of FORT MOULTRIE; and to No. 205, in which, with other CHARLESTON PICTURES, we gave FORT SUMTER.

These PICTURES, studied in connection with the news of the day, will enable readers to form an accurate idea of the important events which are now occurring at Charleston.

THE FALL OF PEKIN.

IF the public mind in this country were not so wholly engrossed with our own political troubles, the news brought by the *Persia*—that the allied French and English have taken Pekin—would have been the chief topic of conversation ever since. We doubt whether any event of equal importance to the world at large has taken place since the Battle of Waterloo or the establishment of American Independence.

To realize its moment, people must bear in mind that nearly one half the population of the world are subjects of the Emperor of China; that these millions are generally educated, industrious, refined, and enlightened; and that if they could be pried out of the groove in which they have been traveling for ever so many centuries, and fairly introduced into the family of nations, the effect on the general movement of civilization and commerce would be something like what would follow the establishment of intercourse between this and another of the planets in our system.

It is popularly supposed that we have intercourse with China. We have a treaty which allows us to trade at five ports. But all sailors agree that one sees a great deal more of China at any good Chinese museum than at Hong Kong, Amoy, Foo-Chow, Ning-po, or Shanghai. At most, if not all these places, the anchorage for ships is many miles from the town; and if it were not, the prejudices of the Chinese and municipal laws do not permit foreigners to travel through their streets. Until the recent capture of Canton it was as much as a man's life was worth to walk through the Chinese city. Mr. Fortune, who traveled through the tea districts, and Father Huc, who traversed the kingdom from Thibet, both bear witness to the imminent peril of life which awaits explorers of the Flowery Land. It has always been the fixed policy of the Chinese empire to restrict their intercourse with foreigners to within the narrowest possible limits—to sell teas and silk, but to buy as few goods as possible—and to take no ideas at all from abroad. That policy has been in harmony with the prejudices of the Chinese people; and hence, though Chinese tea and Chinese silk have been in use in this country for a century or so, we are no nearer understanding the Chinese, and they are no nearer understanding us, than we were when the Encyclopedists painted China as the model empire.

The capture of Pekin must change all this. It is not likely that the Allies will conclude a peace without securing material guarantees for the concessions they will exact from China. It is probable that they will demand the possession of some strong places in the interior, in order to protect foreigners traveling or trading. They will, of course, obtain the right of establishing embassies at Pekin, with such military force as may be necessary to guard them. New commercial treaties will doubtless be concluded, and an indemnity claimed which, for a few years, will reverse the silver tide that has so long set Asia-ward.

Of the ultimate result we can not yet speak. The empire of China is understood to be in the last stage of dissolution, and the fairest provinces to be in the hands of rebels and a prey to anarchy. The Allies may find that the capture of Pekin has devolved upon them the duty of reconstructing the government of the empire. Whether the task could be accomplished, and, if so, by what expedients and on what principles, none can yet undertake to decide. It is not likely, however, that the capture of Pekin, and the predominance of European power in China, are likely to render the ultimate settlement less advantageous than it would otherwise have been to the cause of commerce and civilization.

THE LOUNGER.

THE INVERTED YEAR.

THE year is utterly inverted—turned completely upside down. June is changed into December, and through double windows the sitter by the fire looks out upon brown and leafless trees. But the poet reminds us, as the imagination begins to sympathize with the desolation,

"In a drear-nighted December,
Too happy, happy tree,
Thy branches ne'er remember
Their green felicity;
The north can not undo them,
With a sleety whistle through them,
Nor frozen thawings glue them
From budding at their prime."

The trees preach patience through the long, long months in which they stand so rugged and bare. Just now the year draws to its shortest days. The bitter cold closes the streams and stiffens the ponds. There is an unnatural brightness and silence in the woods, as in a chamber where some one died yesterday. How still the nights are! The multitudinous murmur of the summer nights—was it real? Were there sultry moonlights? Were there gurgling brooks, and rustling trees, and the voices of katydids, and crickets, and owls, and tree-toads, and the hum of insects, and lowing of cattle, and sounds of music upon calm waters, and the song of midnight loiterers in boats? Where are they now?

Yet as the days dwindle they lead us to the festal season of the year, and bring Santa Claus back again. They lead us to New Year's, and the kindly words of mutual greeting. In the silence of the sparkling midnights, as we listen, although we hear no sound of katydid and cricket, we may perhaps hear another music, another softer, far-off carol, "Peace on earth, good-will to men!"

And we need to hear that just now, if we can only hear it rightly, and understand that death is not peace. Men ought to forbear and conciliate and entreat kindly, provided that they do not yield what they honestly prefer to a present peace. There are better things than the enforced peace of a day or a year; and the permanent peace of a great principle is one of them. The builder is a fool who plasters over the crack in his wall, instead of making the wall fast. The plaster may hold to-day, and the wall comes down to-morrow. You may have peace with a highwayman who puts a pistol to your head if you will only give him your purse. But your momentary peace is purchased at the expense of that of society.

Yet in their warmest differences of belief men may differ kindly, and with entire mutual self-respect. It does not follow that men are dishonest because they are not of your opinion; and if all men were only equally tolerant of all opinions, the catastrophes of difference would be often avoided. A little common sense, a little humanity infused into the management of affairs, and the world would be the gainer. There must be radical and vital differences of belief—there must be as radical and vital differences of interest. But still—patience, forbearance, short of surrender. Then, if conciliation be clearly and confessedly impossible, agreement to differ. If that be impossible, what remains?

TRAVELING.

STEPPING from the train at Marshall, in the State of Michigan, to ask a question at the office, a traveler was amused to read a notice above a blackboard, "No questions answered at the office. The latest information to be found here," or words to that effect; of course, "here" was a blank board, and if a traveler wanted any kind of information he might whistle for it, or consult the depths of his interior consciousness, for there were "no questions answered at the office."

Some time since a gentleman at the West wrote to the Lounger in reply to some strictures upon the manners of railway officers made by another correspondent. He said very justly that the ticket-dealer was the helpless victim of every bore and fool who wished to vent endless silly questions. A man will ask him what time it is with a clock straight before his nose, and so forth. It is, of course, trying; but it is certainly better to endure the idle talker than to snub the sincere inquirer. Nor ought any man to erect an exception into a rule; but rough, short treatment is, at least, frequent treatment upon our railroads.

Here is a letter from another traveler who has had experiences:

"I have been under a necessity to travel in the character of a feeble and crippled man, and I am going to tell you of some of my happenings by rail that you may be the better prepared to rebuke the all-pervading indifference to the wants of *individuals* which characterizes our present wholesale arrangements for travel.

"My wife, worn-out with nursing me, had gone on before to Boston. I came by the 'Old Colony Road.' It was fair when I started, but raining when the train stopped. A high board fence on each side. Perhaps I was in a comatose state: I know that I had been for an hour breathing with difficulty the nasty, stinking, sulphury, smoky, dusty, and feculent atmosphere of the car, and I can not answer for my senses under such circumstances. I did not know, and was not informed, that we had arrived

near Boston. Men got up and left the car one after another as they do when any thing has happened. I kept my seat until the lone women looked at each other as women do and then all rose simultaneously, and picking up their parcels, followed them. Then I thought it will be prudent for me to take a look out at any rate; so I told my little son to stay with the shawls and bag until I came for him.

"I found we were outside a large shed, which was no doubt the Boston station, and as there was too much weight for us to carry, I let myself down from the step of the car and hobbled into it through the rain. Being late, I had some difficulty in getting a carriage: before I had got one, the train with my boy had gone back—nobody to tell me where. I at length saw a man with a parcel of baggage-checks in his hand, and succeeded in arresting him. I told him my trouble. 'Your boy in it? Why didn't he get out? I can't help it;' and he hurried away from me. I went to my driver and begged his assistance. 'I don't know any thing about it; I don't belong here.' 'But don't you know where to go to get some information about that train?' 'No, I don't.' 'Is there no one here who can help me, or tell me something about it?' 'I don't know; I don't belong here.' 'Is there any one who does belong here—any agent of the Company to whom I can apply?' 'Don't know.' 'Haven't you a police in Boston?' 'Yes; but there ain't none of 'em about here.' 'Will you kindly give me your arm while I search for somebody?' 'Well, I don't want to leave my horses very long.' However, he went with me, and, after searching for some time, I opened a door into what seemed a lamp closet, where were several men lounging. 'Is there any one here who has any authority in the premises, or to whom I can apply for information?' 'Yes, Sir,' answered one; 'what do you want?' I stated what had occurred. 'Why didn't you look out better—not leave him in the cars?' I was a little enraged at this, and replied with some obvious indignation; upon which a man got up from the floor and said he would fetch the boy. As I had told my son not to move till I came for him, I thought it necessary to go with the man: he walked rapidly, and, as my driver had gone back to his horses, I hobbled after him the best I could: first, over a couple of hundred feet of dirty rotten plank in the dingy station; then after a long step down through mud and rain, between rails on which, each way, were locomotives ringing and whistling, backing and filling, two or three hundred feet more, to a car-house where I found a man lifting my boy on his shoulders to bring him to me.

"A Quiet Man."

FEAR.

Turning over Hildreth's "History of the United States" the other day, the Lounger found an extract from the old *Aurora*, which shows how high and hot party-spirit ran in the old days. They were not perfectly Millennial, even the times of Washington and Jefferson and Hamilton. It is inevitable that we should think otherwise, of course. Nothing is more natural than that we should suppose our own troubles to be the most annoying that ever were. But in the height of our bitter debate we may assure ourselves that we are the children of men who had a hard path to travel—who saw it, and were not afraid.

Then, under all circumstances, however sunny, it is so much better to look every thing squarely in the face than to try to forget that there is any thing to look at. If there is a frightful spectre in the path, the best way is to march straight up to it and take hold of it. Many an awful ghost turns out to be a shirt upon a clothes' line. The ostrich method of avoiding difficulties is easy for a little while, but not wise, not ultimately practicable. To drift and lurch along in a fearful uncertainty is as stupid as it is dangerous. If you believe there is a burglar in the house, either go down and dispute the spoons with him, or else turn over and go to sleep, and concede the spoons. It is infinite folly to pretend that you don't hear him, for then you are not only robbed but craven. You may wisely decide that you had rather let him put your silver into his pocket than his lead into your body; but then say so, frankly, and declare in the distinctest words to the partner of your slumbers, "My dear, I'd much rather lose my silver than my life."

There is no fear so abject as the fear of being afraid. Why should any man be afraid to be afraid? Sailors, it seems, always laugh at us landsmen for puffing and swelling so tremendously about never fearing any thing. Their whole life is led upon the dizzy edge of danger. They look quietly at things that would make most of us blench and chatter. But they are not ashamed to say that they often feel afraid. They do the thing; oh! yes; but that is a very different thing. You remember the two soldiers at Waterloo. They were both standing boldly in the square upon which the fury of the battle was breaking. "Faith," says one to the other, "I believe you are afraid." "Pooh!" was the reply, "if you were half as much afraid as I am you would run away."

On the other hand, Montaigne says that the thing he is most afraid of in the world is fear. But to that there is the exquisite reply of Jean Paul in "Schmelzle's Journey to Flaetz," "I should fear again that I did not sufficiently fear fear, but continued too dastardly." If you do not know that story, and wish to enjoy one of the bits of purest humor, find it and read it in Carlyle's translation.

For the rest, as the old essayists say, and when you have been conning them your style has their flavor, as when you come out of the spice-shop you smell of cinnamon and cloves—for the rest, nothing is more dangerous than denying danger or concealing your own cowardice. It by no means follows that you will not do your duty because you are afraid to do it. Not at all. You will simply do it with a great deal of friction. That will be just the difference between you and a hero. But then did you suppose every man was to be a hero? If you take care to have it understood that, coward or hero, you are going to do what you think you ought to do, that is the essential point. Then every body knows what to count upon. Then the clouds clear up. Then, if there may be peace, you see it. If there must be battle, you see that.

THE GALLANT SEVENTH.

Mr. Blanchard Jerrold writes to the London *Chronicle* that Mr. Frank Bellew has just returned from New York to England, to suggest to the London Volunteers that it would be a polite and pretty thing to invite Brother Jonathan's pet regiment to cross the sea.

It would certainly be "a big thing" for the gentlemen of the regiment to embark in an English vessel of war, and be the guests of the gentlemen volunteers of London town, who are understood to be somewhat different from the train-bands of which John Gilpin, that citizen of credit and renown, was eke Captain. It would be a charming business to arrive, say in the month of May, when the world is in town; when the flower-shows are in full blossom; when breakfasts, collations, matinées both musical and dancing, dinners, operas, theatres, and balls, are without end. Then the Clubs would open their doors. Mr. Jerrold writes from the Reform Club, and that fine palace would be opened for the gallant Seventh, as it was opened, some years since, for a banquet to the gallant Ibrahim Pacha.

The visit would be a feast, a triumph, an ovation. It would be an acknowledgment, doubtless, of the courteous welcome of the Prince of Wales. Perhaps—perhaps—is it too much to suspect?—perhaps the Queen might graciously review the citizen soldiers in the Park, or invite them to a cold cut at Windsor Castle. That red-coated old buffer (not to say it irreverently), George Third, of happy memory, who always seems like a squire-captain of country militia, would have been sure to have the Seventh at Windsor—if times and things were changed a little.

But the Seventh Regiment may be very sure that if it went, well invited, it would be the inevitable lion of a season (and a London season is worth tasting, Messieurs!), as much as Jung Bahadoor, the Nepaulese embassador, who used to drive about the streets actually crusted with jewels.

True to itself, the regiment, of course, will not go without ample reflection. If the members are invited by a body of English gentlemen they will discover a new meaning in the word hospitality. For when an Englishman sincerely gives you his hand, you will probably find his heart in it.

NAPOLEON'S CROWN.

One of the surest tests of manhood is to devote yourself to a course of public policy which seems to you right, and essential to the welfare of your nation; to seize the power to pursue that policy, and persistently to pursue it, knowing that the results can only be evolved very slowly, and that, during the evolution, you must submit to the bitter, unrelenting, even bloody opposition of the friends of the same cause that you are serving and mean to serve. Cheerfully to bear the furious or broken-hearted regrets and misapprehension of friends, for years and years—is there not something heroic in that? something that requires the truest possible temper of manhood?

And is there not something of that heroism in Louis Napoleon? After eight years of virtually absolute power in France, must we not honestly confess that he has seemed to consult the welfare of France as well as his own ambition? If the Assembly in '51 had sent him to Vincennes, is it likely that France would be so internally prosperous and externally honored as she is to-day? And if not, is the glory not fairly his?

Any friend of the Lounger who has chatted with him familiarly for two or three years upon current topics at home and abroad, will remember that Louis Napoleon has not always been honored in this particular department of the *Weekly*. The more liberal editorial columns at the side of these have expressed greater faith from the beginning. But the process of confession upon the part of the Lounger began some months since, yes, even as far back as the Italian war. Only he then insisted that there was no especial reason for believing that the Emperor had any thing in view but the safety of his own crown and dynasty. And not very long ago he said that France seemed to have less freedom at home than she claimed for other nations abroad.

Well, Louis Napoleon has put his enemies and doubters in the wrong again. He has sketched the plan of a constitutional participation of the people in the government. He has laid the foundation of a constitutional, not a revolutionary opposition; and in so doing, he has reproduced the essential safeguard of the British and American systems. Of course what he has done is but the beginning. But can any body study the history of his reign and not see what his object is? When he was in London in April, 1848, he was sworn in as a special policeman to help protect the English system of government. And on the 2d of December, 1851, he swore himself in as a special officer to establish the English system of a constitutional monarchy in France. That course he has been faithfully pursuing under the incessant fire of the friends of constitutional liberty throughout the world. Without explanation, without impatience, without confusion, yes, and without sympathy from the friends of popular rights, but with plenty of suspicion from crowned heads, he has been pushing straight on. His course has been like the boring of an Artesian well, until now he begins to strike the pure waters of popular liberty.

It is all coincident with his ambition, you say? Yes, but is it also coincident with the liberty, and dignity, and prosperity, and progress of France? If it be, then is the achievement of such objects a mean ambition? Is the man who gives France all that, a man whom France will remember with curses or with blessings?

MOB LAW.

There have been some symptoms of mobs recently, and the Mayor of Mobile has wisely warned the citizens against giving way to such a summary and foolish remedy for any grievance whatsoever as a mob. You see it works both ways. If Tom thinks twice two are five, and Ned thinks they are four, it is very easy and convenient for Tom to bring his friends and bawl Ned down, and smash the windows, and break the seats, and howl, and throw bad eggs. It is just as easy as it is for Ned and his friends to come to-morrow and bawl you down, and smash things, and throw the eggs. A mob expresses nothing but the ungovernable rage of a few people. If, indeed, they can get such an impetus as they did seventy years ago in Paris, then you have the hideous tyranny of the reign of terror; and no conceivable Caligula or Nero is a tyrant so absolute and inhuman as a raging crowd of desperate men.

Mob rule merges in anarchy, of which the solution is a military despotism. A mob is not an exercise of the right of revolution, except that in this country every stroke at free speech is a blow at the essential substance of the Government. The right of revolution is among the most sacred rights of communities, but the right of free speech is the *most* sacred right of man in society. The moment it passes into action the law properly interferes, because the right of action is subject to different conditions. But whatever can not be discussed ought not to be endured. The time and the temper of discussion are matters of discretion for the speaker. If he choose a wrong time and a bad way, the results will recoil upon his cause, and alienate the public mind.

If you don't want to hear what a man has to say, you may stay at home. Your neighbor may wish to hear, and he has the same right to listen that you have not to listen. Who made you the judge of what he shall hear? Or suppose that you think he ought not to hear. You may reason with him as much as you will; but the moment you touch him to prevent his hearing you only invite him to prevent your hearing what you wish to, and you reduce society to chaos.

SKATING AT THE PARK.

Whether it was worth while to build a Park, used sometimes to be asked by the skeptical. But although the charm of a Park is naturally associated with green leaves and summer, let any doubter go to the Central Park now and be forever answered. Whether it were desirable to open the most convenient and admirably managed playground for children—whether it were wise to furnish the loveliest rural scenery for loiterers on foot or in the saddle—whether it were a good thing to provide gardens of health and beauty and recreation for a hard-worked city—these are the questions to which, at the present moment, the ringing music of ten thousand skates returns the rich reply.

There is one emotion which must always fill the mind of every honest New Yorker who thinks of the Central Park—"Oh, that every institution, or but a few institutions, were managed as well as that!" The Legislative Committee of inquiry retired before it. And why not? It is not used for party purposes, but for the welfare of the public. It is the property of all, most wisely administered for the benefit of all.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

Why is the present Lord Mayor of London smaller than Tom Thumb?—Because he is only one Cubit (18 inches), whereas Tom Thumb was 25 inches.

Unsocial old Snarl says that love is a combination of diseases—an affection of the heart, and an inflammation of the brain.

A person having willfully put an end to his life by drowning in a canal, the coroner's jury returned a verdict of "Felo de se." Upon hearing it, a Frenchman exclaimed, "Not de sea, for he fell in de canal."

A crooked gentleman, on his arrival at Bath, was asked by another what place he had traveled from?

"I came straight from London," replied he.

"Did you so?" said the other. "Then you have been terribly warped by the way!"

A young lady who gave herself many airs, having contemplated a sojourn to France, a friend expressed a doubt whether she would condescend to talk English when she came back. "Oh," said one who knew what her powers of language were, "she'll never forget the vulgar tongue!"

During the residence of the Prince of Wales at Oxford it was not unnatural that the dons should pay him a good deal of attention, with a view to future preferment. One of them, however, who is remarkable for his independent spirit, when his turn came to preach the University sermon, chose the following for his text: "There is a lad here which hath five barley loaves and two small fishes, but what are they among so many?"

During the recent meeting of the Emperors at Warsaw a ballet entitled "Robert and Bertrand, or the Two Thieves," was being performed at the theatre; but on account of the simultaneous presence of the two Emperors at the performance, the police, to show them an attention as witty as it was delicate, ordered the piece to be called on the bills, for that night only, "Robert and Bertrand," and suppressed the second half of the title, namely, "The Two Thieves."

A Strange Salmon.—On a fishing and shooting expedition, some very strange stories were told in the evenings. Shots are made, and fishing feats performed, after dinner, occasionally of a kind seldom known at other times. On the occasion referred to the romancing had been extraordinary. A canny Scotchman in the corner was at length poked up, to know if he ever heard any thing as wonderful as the story last related, which referred to the abundance of fish in an English river. "No," said he, "unless it was some years ago, when I was fishing in the Highlands, near Loch Awe. The first thing I saw in the mornin', when I looked out o' ma bedroom window, was a salmon—I'll warrant he was fifty pounds' weight—so tame that he was gaun picken about the yard wi' the hens!"

An Apt Retort.—The witty Scotch advocate, Harry Erskine, was on one occasion pleading before the House of Lords. He had occasion to speak of certain curators, and pronounced the word, as in Scotland, with the accent on the first syllable—*cú-ratore*. One of the English judges, whose name I have forgotten, could not stand this, and cried out, "We are in the habit of saying *curátor* in this country, Mr. Erskine, following the analogy of the Latin language, in which, as you are aware, the penultimate syllable is long." "I thank your lordship very much," was Erskine's reply. "We are weak enough in Scotland to think that in pronouncing the word *curator* we follow the analogy of the English language. But I need scarcely say that I bow with pleasure to the opinion of so learned a *senátor* and so great an *orátor* as your lordship."

NEVER SATISFIED.

Waiter. "Did you wish any thing else, Sir?"

Testy Old Gent (*who has all that can be wished for*). "Of course I do."

Waiter. "What is it, Sir?"

Old Gent. "My appetite."

Consultation of Physicians.—A man much addicted to drinking being extremely ill with a fever, a consultation was held in his bedchamber by three physicians how to "cure the fever and abate the thirst." "Gentlemen," said he, "I will take half the trouble off your hands. You cure the fever, and I'll abate the thirst myself."

When the late King of Denmark was visiting England he very frequently honored Sir Thomas Robinson with his company, though the knight spoke French in a very imperfect manner, and the king had scarcely any knowledge of English. One day, when Sir Thomas was in company with the late Lord Chesterfield, he boasted much of his intimacy with the king, and added, "that he believed the monarch had a greater friendship for him than any man in England." "How report lies!" exclaimed Lord Chesterfield; "I heard no later than to-day that you never met but a great deal of bad language passed between you."

A celebrated musical composer—a wag in his way—recently visited the Isle of Thanet, and, while pacing the deck during a heavy squall, was extremely annoyed to perceive that the spray had damaged the lace and other finery in which a young *lady* (as he supposed) had bedizened herself. *She* "heeded not;" but turning to an elderly female who proved to be her mother, exclaimed, "La! an't the waves *jist* like *our soap-suds?*" The mamma was wroth and speedily doffed her gentility, by saying, "Hang it, why when you comes out a lady, can't you leave the *tub* at home?"

Toast of a Scotch Peer.—Lord K——, dining at Provost S——'s, and being the only peer present, one of the company gave a toast, "The Duke of Buccleuch." So the peerage went round till it came to Lord K——, who said he would give them a peer, which, although not toasted, was of more use than the whole. His lordship gave "The Pier of Leith."

Irish Skill.—Droll, though not very logical or conclusive, was the reply of the tipsy Irishman, who, as he supported himself by the iron railings of Merrion Square, was advised by a passenger to take himself home. "Ah now, be aisy; I live in the square. Isn't it going round and round, and when I see my own door come up, won't I pop into it in a jiffy."

A Broil.—Lord Hertford, Mr. Croker, and Mr. James Smith were at an exhibition, inspecting a picture of a husband carving a boiled leg of mutton. The orifice displayed the meat red and raw, and the husband was looking at his wife with a countenance of anger and disappointment. "That fellow is a fool," observed Lord Hertford; "he does not see what an excellent broil he may have."

Parliamentary Reprimand.—In the reign of George the Second, one Crowle, a counsel of some eminence, made some observation before an election committee which was considered to reflect on the House itself. The House accordingly summoned him to their bar, and he was forced to receive a reprimand from the Speaker on his knees. As he rose from the ground, with the utmost *nonchalance* he took out his handkerchief, and, wiping his knees, coolly observed, "that it was the dirtiest house he had ever been in in his life."

Brevity.—Colonel S——, of the Royal Marines, was always distinguished for the perspicuity and brevity of his speeches, of which the following, which was delivered on going into the battle of the Nile, is a specimen: Sir James Saumarez, who commanded the man-of-war to which he belonged, had, in a lengthened speech, wound up the feelings of his hearers to the highest pitch of ardor for the fight, by reminding them of the duty they owed to their king and country; and, though last, not least, he desired them to call to mind their families, their parents, and sweet-hearts, and to fight as if the battle solely depended on their individual exertions. He was answered by looks and gestures highly expressive of their determination; then, turning to our hero, he said, "Now, S——, I leave you to speak to the marines." Colonel S—— immediately directed their attention to the land beyond the French fleet. "Do you see that land there?" he asked. They all shouted, "Ay, ay, Sir!" "Now, my lads, that's the land of Egypt; and if you don't fight like devils you'll soon be in the house of bondage." He was answered by a real British yell, fore and aft.

The Duke of Wellington's saying connected with early rising was not a bad one: "Let the first turn in the morning be a turn out."

Louis XI., of France, was so fearful of death, that as often as it came into his physician's head to threaten him with death, he put money in his hands to pacify him. His physician is said to have got 55,000 crowns in five months.

The Paris courts value a lady's teeth at 8000 francs. An English governess was recently knocked down by a carriage, and by the accident lost all her teeth. She brought an action of damages, and the tribunal awarded the above amount.

"Are you fond of novels, Mr. Jones?"—"Very," responded the interrogated gentleman, who wished to be thought by the lady questioner fond of literature. "Have you," continued the lady, "ever read 'Ten Thousand a Year?'"—"No, Madam, I never read that number of novels in all my life."

"I will bet you a bottle of wine that you shall descend from that chair before I ask you twice."—"Done," said the gentleman, who seemed determined not to obey the summons so obediently. "Come down."—"I will not," was the reply. "Then stop up till I ask you a second time." The gentleman, having no desire to retain his position until that period, came down from the chair, and his opponent won the wager.

A gentleman was called upon to apologize for words uttered when in wine. "I beg pardon," said he, "I did not mean to say what I did; but I've had the misfortune to lose some of my front teeth, and words get out every now and then without my knowledge."

A painter, who was fond of hearing his works praised, was one day told that Judge —— did not think very favorably of a performance of his. "Oh," said the artist to his informant, "what is his opinion worth? he isn't a judge of painting, he's a judge of probate."

Macready was a great stickler for correctness of costume in the pieces he brought out at Drury Lane. Seeing Miss Rainsforth dressed for Ophelia in a pair of white satin shoes, he thus addressed her: "My dear young lady, when you are going to play a character in a piece, the scene of which is laid in Denmark, I beg you will, in future, wear Denmark satin slippers."

A "bumptious" traveler, overtaking an old minister, whose nag was much fatigued, quizzed the old gentleman upon his "turn out." "A nice horse, yours, doctor! very—valuable beast, that; but what makes him wag his tail so, doctor?"—"Why, as you have asked me, I will tell you. It is for the same reason that your tongue wags so—a sort of natural weakness."

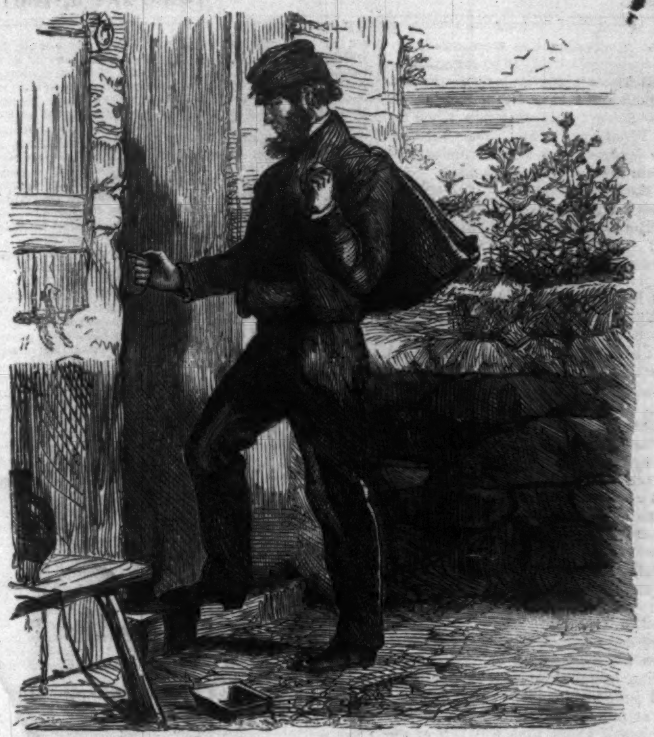
Two knights of the angle having been one evening glad to seek the shelter of a sorry ale-house for the night, one questioned the other the next morning as to how he had passed the night, observing that, for his part, "he had slept like a top."—"So did I," replied his companion; "for I was turning round all night:" thus practically proving the nonsense of the old simile for a sound sleeper.

The story of a New York paper, that the Prince gives only his left hand to ladies in the dance, reminds the Montreal *Herald* of the ludicrous disappointment of the countryman when the Prince's grand-uncle visited Edinburgh, in 1822:

First Countryman. "Well, Jock, hae you seen the King?"

Second Countryman. "Oh ay, I hae seen the King; but I wadna gang the length o' the street to see him again. The King's just made like ony ither man, and they tell't me his arms were a lion and a unicorn!"

NEW-YEAR'S EVE IN THE COUNTRY.



"HIS HAND UPON THE LATCH."

A YOUNG WIFE'S SONG.

My cottage home is fill'd with light
  The long, long summer day;
But, ah! I dearer love the night,
  And hail the sinking ray.
For eve restores me one whose smile
  Doth more than morning's match—
And life afresh seems dawning while
  His hand is on the latch!

When autumn fields are thick with sheaves,
  And shadows earlier fall,
And grapes grow purple 'neath the eaves
  Along our trellis'd wall—
I dreaming sit—the sleepy bird
  Faint twittering in the thatch—
To wake to joy when soft is heard
  His hand upon the latch!

In the short winter afternoon
  I throw my work aside,
And through the lattice, while the moon
  Shines mistily and wide,
On the dim upland paths I peer
  In vain his form to catch—
I startle with delight, and hear
  His hand upon the latch!

Yes; I am his in storm and shine;
  For me he toils all day;
And his true heart I know is mine,
  Both near me and away.
And when he leaves our garden gate
  At morn, his steps I watch—
Then patiently till eve await
  His hand upon the latch!

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GREAT EXPECTATIONS.

A NOVEL.

By CHARLES DICKENS.

Splendidly Illustrated by John McLenan.

☞ **Printed from the Manuscript and early Proof-sheets purchased from the Author by the Proprietors of "Harper's Weekly."**

CHAPTER X.

At the appointed time I returned to Miss Havisham's, and my hesitating ring at the gate brought out Estella. She locked it after admitting me, as she had done before, and again preceded me into the dark passage where her candle stood. She took no notice of me until she had the candle in her hand, when she looked over her shoulder, superciliously saying, "You are to come this way to-day," and took me to quite another part of the house.

The passage was a long one, and seemed to pervade the whole square basement of the Manor House. We traversed but one side of the square, however, and at the end of it she stopped, and put her candle down and opened a door. Here the daylight reappeared, and I found myself in a small paved court-yard, the opposite side of which was formed by a detached dwelling-house, that looked as if it had once belonged to the manager or head clerk of the extinct brewery. There was a clock in the outer wall of this house. Like the clock in Miss Havisham's room, and like Miss Havisham's watch, it had stopped at twenty minutes to nine.

We went in at the door which stood open, and into a gloomy room with a low ceiling on the ground-floor at the back. There was some company in the room, and Estella said to me as she joined it, "You are to go and stand there, boy, till you are wanted." "There" being the window, I crossed to it, and stood "there" in a very uncomfortable state of mind, looking out.

It opened to the ground, and looked into a most miserable corner of the neglected garden, upon a rank ruin of cabbage-stalks, and one box-tree that had been clipped round long ago, like a pudding, and had a new growth at the top of it out of shape and of a different color, as if that part of the pudding had stuck to the sauce-pan and got burned.—This was my homely thought, as I contemplated the box-tree. There had been some light snow overnight, and it lay nowhere else to my knowledge; but it had not quite melted from the cold shadow of this bit of garden, and the wind caught it up in little eddies and threw it at the window, as if it pelted me for coming there.

I divined that my coming had stopped conversation in the room, and that its other occupants were looking at me: I could see nothing of the room except the shining of the fire in the window-glass, but I stiffened in all my joints with the consciousness that I was under close inspection.

There were three ladies in the room, and one gentleman. Before I had been standing at the window five minutes they somehow conveyed to me that they were all toadies and humbugs, but that each of them pretended not to know that the others were toadies and humbugs, because the admission that he or she did know it would have made him or her out to be a toady and humbug.

They all had a listless and dreary air of waiting somebody's pleasure, and the most talkative of the ladies had to speak quite rigidly to repress a yawn. This lady, whose name was Camilla, very much reminded me of my sister, with the difference that she was older and (as I found when I caught sight of her) of a blunter cast of features. Indeed, when I knew her better, I began to think it was a Mercy she had any features at all, so very blank and high was the dead wall of her face.

"Poor dear soul!" said this lady, with an abruptness of manner quite my sister's. "Nobody's enemy but his own!"

"It would be much more commendable to be somebody else's enemy," said the gentleman; "far more natural."

"Cousin John," observed another lady, "we are to love our neighbor."

"Sarah Pocket," returned Cousin John, "if a man is not his own neighbor, who is?"

Miss Pocket laughed, and Camilla laughed, and said (checking a yawn), "The idea!" But I thought they seemed to think it rather a good idea too. The other lady, who had not spoken yet, said, gravely and emphatically, "*Very* true!"

"Poor soul!" Camilla presently went on (I knew they had all been looking at me in the mean time), "he is so very strange! Would any one believe that when Tom's wife died he actually could not be induced to see the importance of the children's having the deepest of trimmings to their mourning? 'Good Lord!' says he, 'Camilla, what can it signify so long as the poor bereaved little things are in black?' So like Matthew! The idea!"

"Good points in him; good points in him!" said Cousin John; "Heaven forbid I should deny good points in him! but he never had, and he never will have, any sense of the proprieties."

"You know I was obliged," said Camilla—"I was obliged to be firm. I said, 'It WILL NOT DO for the credit of the family.' I told him that, without deep trimmings, the family was disgraced. I cried about it from breakfast till dinner. I injured my digestion. And at last he flung out in his violent way, and said, with a D, 'Then do as you like!' Thank Goodness it will always be a consolation to me to know that I instantly went out in a pouring rain and bought the things."

"*He* paid for them, did he not?" asked Estella.

"It's not the question, my dear child, who paid for them," returned Camilla; "*I* bought them. And I shall often think of that with peace when I wake up in the night."

The ringing of a distant bell, combined with the echoing of some cry or call along the passage by which I had come, interrupted the conversation, and caused Estella to say to me, "Now, boy!" On my turning round, they all looked at me with the utmost contempt, and, as I went out, I heard Sarah Pocket say, "Well! I am sure! What next?" and Camilla add, with indignation, "Was there ever such a fancy? The i—*de*—a!"

As we were going with our candle along the dark passage Estella stopped all of a sudden, and facing round said, in her taunting manner, with her face quite close to mine,

"Well?"

"Well, Miss?" I answered, almost falling over her, and checking myself.

She stood looking at me, and, of course, I stood looking at her.

"Am I pretty?"

"Yes; I think you are very pretty."

"Am I insulting?"

"Not so much so as you were last time," said I.

"Not so much so?"

"No."

She fired when she asked the last question, and she slapped my face with such force as she had when I answered it.

"Now?" said she, "you little coarse monster, what do you think of me now?"

"I shall not tell you."

"Because you are going to tell up stairs. Is that it?"

"No," said I, "that's not it."

"Why don't you cry again, you little wretch?"

"Because I'll never cry for you again," said I. Which was, I suppose, as false a declaration as ever was made; for I was inwardly crying for her then, and I know what I know of the pain she cost me afterward.

We went on our way up stairs after this episode; and, as we were going up, we met a gentleman groping his way down.

"Who have we here?" asked the gentleman, stopping and looking at me.

"A boy," said Estella.

He was a burly man of an exceedingly dark complexion, with an exceedingly large head and a correspondingly large hand. He took my chin in his large hand and turned up my face to have a look at me by the light of the candle. He was prematurely bald on the top of his head, and had bushy black eyebrows that wouldn't lie down, but stood up bristling. His eyes were set very deep in his head, and were disagreeably sharp and suspicious. He had a very large watch-chain, and very strong black dots where his beard and whiskers would have been if he had let them. He was nothing to me, and I could have had no foresight then that he ever would be any thing to me, but it happened that I had this opportunity of observing him well.

"Boy of the neighborhood? Hey?" said he.

"Yes, Sir," said I.

"How do *you* come here?"

"Miss Havisham sent for me, Sir," I explained.

"Well! Behave yourself. I have a pretty large experience of boys, and you're a bad set of fellows. Now mind!" said he, biting the side of his great forefinger as he frowned at me, "you behave yourself!"

With these words he released me—which I was glad of, for his hand smelled of scented soap—and went his way down stairs. I wondered whether he could be a doctor; but no, I thought, he couldn't be a doctor, or he would have a quieter and more persuasive manner. There was not much time to consider the subject, for we were soon in Miss Havisham's room, where she and every thing else were just as I had left them. Estella left me standing near the door, and I stood there until Miss Havisham cast her eyes upon me from the dressing-table.

"So!" she said, without being startled or surprised; "the days have worn away, have they?"

"Yes, ma'am. To-day is—"

"There, there, there!" with the impatient movement of her fingers. "I don't want to know. Are you ready to play?"

I was obliged to answer in some confusion, "I don't think I am, ma'am."

"Not at cards again?" she demanded, with a searching look.

"Yes, ma'am; I could do that if I was wanted."

"Since this house strikes you old and grave, boy," said Miss Havisham, impatiently, "and you are unwilling to play, are you willing to work?"

I could answer this inquiry with a better heart than I had been able to find for the other question, and I said I was quite willing.

"Then go into that opposite room," said she, pointing at the door behind me with her withered hand, "and wait there till I come."

I crossed the staircase landing, and entered the room she indicated. From that room, too, the daylight was completely excluded, and it had an airless smell that was oppressive. A fire had been lately kindled in the damp old-fashioned grate, and it was more disposed to go out than to burn up, and the reluctant smoke which hung in the room seemed colder than the clearer air—like our own marsh mist. Certain wintry branches of candles on the high chimney-piece faintly lighted the chamber: or it would be more expressive to say, faintly disturbed and troubled its darkness. It was spacious, and I dare say had once been handsome, but every discernible thing in it was covered with dust and mould and dropping to pieces. The most prominent object was a long table with a table-cloth spread on it, as if a feast had been in preparation when the house and the clocks all stopped together. An epergne or centre-piece of some kind was in the middle of this cloth; it was so heavily overhung with cobwebs that its form was quite undistinguishable, and as I looked along the yellow expanse out of which I remember its seeming to grow like a black fungus, I saw speckled-legged spiders with blotchy bodies running home to it, and running out from it, as if some circumstance of the greatest public importance had just transpired in the spider community.

I heard the mice too rattling behind the panels, as if the same occurence were important to their interests. But the black beetles took no notice of the agitation, and groped about the hearth in a ponderous elderly way, as if they were short-sighted and hard of hearing, and not on terms with one another.

These crawling things had fascinated my attention and I was watching them from a distance, when Miss Havisham laid a hand upon my shoulder. In her other hand she had a crutch-headed stick on which she leaned, and she looked like the Witch of the place.

"This," said she, pointing to the long table with her stick, "is where I will be laid when I am dead. They shall come and look at me here."

With some vague misgiving that she might get upon the table then and there and die at once, the complete realization of the ghastly waxwork at the Fair, I shrank under her touch.

"What do you think that is?" she asked me, again pointing with her stick; "that, where those cobwebs are?"

"I can't guess what it is, ma'am."

"It's a great cake. A bride-cake. Mine!"

She looked all round the room in a glaring manner, and then said, leaning on me while her hand twitched my shoulder, "Come, come, come! Walk me, walk me!"

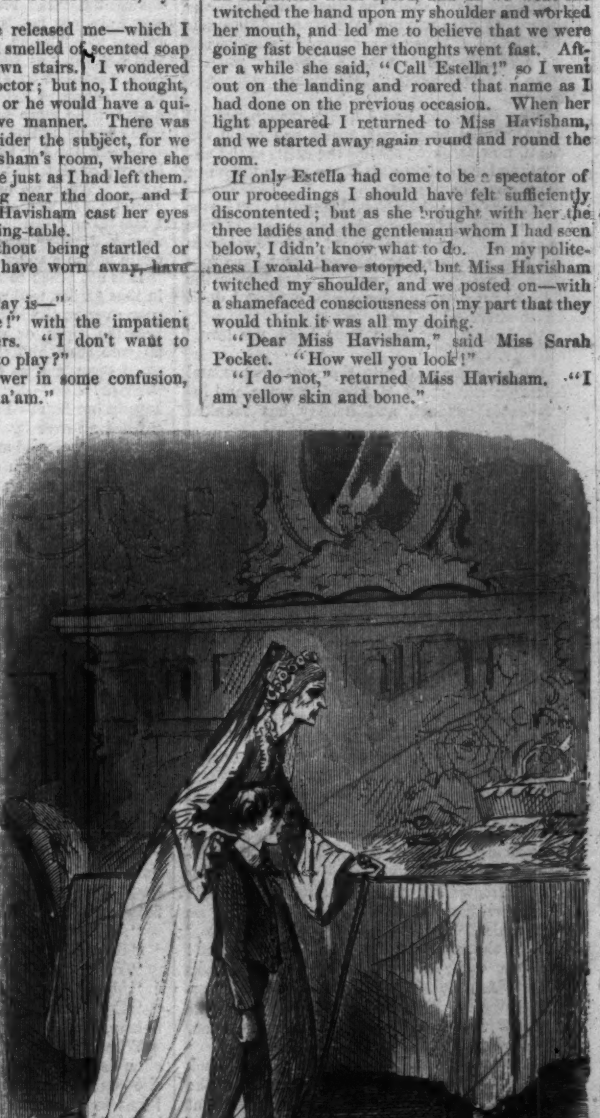
I made out from this that the work I had to do was to walk Miss Havisham round and round the room. Accordingly I started at once, and she leaned upon my shoulder, and we went away at a pace that might have been an imitation (founded on my first impulse under that roof) of Mr. Pumblechook's chaise-cart.

She was not physically strong, and after a little time she said "Slower!" Still we went at an impatient fitful speed, and as we went she twitched the hand upon my shoulder and worked her mouth, and led me to believe that we were going fast because her thoughts went fast. After a while she said, "Call Estella!" so I went out on the landing and roared that name as I had done on the previous occasion. When her light appeared I returned to Miss Havisham, and we started away again round and round the room.

If only Estella had come to be a spectator of our proceedings I should have felt sufficiently discontented; but as she brought with her the three ladies and the gentleman whom I had seen below, I didn't know what to do. In my politeness I would have stopped, but Miss Havisham twitched my shoulder, and we posted on—with a shamefaced consciousness on my part that they would think it was all my doing.

"Dear Miss Havisham," said Miss Sarah Pocket. "How well you look!"

"I do not," returned Miss Havisham. "I am yellow skin and bone."



"IT'S A GREAT CAKE. A BRIDE-CAKE. MINE!"

Camilla brightened when Miss Pocket met with this rebuff; and she murmured, as she plaintively contemplated Miss Havisham, "Poor dear soul! Certainly not to be expected to look well, poor thing. The idea!"

"And how are *you?*" said Miss Havisham to Camilla. As we were close to Camilla then, I would have stopped as a matter of course, only Miss Havisham wouldn't stop. We swept on, and I felt that I was highly obnoxious to Camilla.

"Thank you, Miss Havisham," she returned, "I am as well as can be expected."

"Why, what's the matter with you?" asked Miss Havisham, with exceeding sharpness.

"Nothing worth mentioning," replied Camilla. "I don't wish to make a display of my feelings, but I have habitually thought of you more in the night than I am quite equal to."

"Then don't think of me," retorted Miss Havisham.

"Very easily said!" remarked Camilla, amiably repressing a sob, while a hitch came into her upper lip, and her tears overflowed. "Raymond is a witness what ginger and sal volatile I am obliged to take in the night. Raymond is a witness what nervous jerkings I have in my legs. Chokings and nervous jerkings, however, are nothing new to me when I think with anxiety of those I love. If I could be less affectionate and sensitive I should have a better digestion and an iron set of nerves. I am sure I wish it could be so. But as to not thinking of you in the night—The idea!" Here a burst of tears.

The Raymond referred to I understood to be the gentleman present, and him I understood to be Mr. Camilla. He came to the rescue at this point, and said, in a consolatory and complimentary voice, "Camilla, my dear, it is well known that your family feelings are gradually undermining you to the extent of making one of your legs shorter than the other."

"I am not aware," observed the grave lady whose voice I had heard but once, "that to think of any person is to make a great claim upon that person, my dear."

Miss Sarah Pocket, whom I now saw to be a little dry brown corrugated old woman, with a small face that might have been made of walnut shells, and a large mouth like a cat's without the whiskers, supported this position by saying, "No, indeed, my dear. Hem!"

"Thinking is easy enough," said the grave lady.

"What is easier, you know?" assented Miss Sarah Pocket.

"Oh yes, yes!" cried Camilla, whose fermenting feelings appeared to rise from her legs to her bosom. "It's all very true!" It's a weakness to be so affectionate, but I can't help it. No doubt my health would be much better if it was otherwise, still I wouldn't change my disposition if I could. It's the cause of much suffering, but it's a consolation to know I possess it when I wake up in the night." Here another burst of feeling.

Miss Havisham and I had never stopped all this time, but kept going round and round the room, now brushing against the skirts of the visitors, and now giving them the whole length of the dismal chamber.

"There's Matthew!" said Camilla. "Never mixing with my natural ties, never coming here to see how Miss Havisham is! I have taken to the sofa with my stay-lace cut, and have lain there hours insensible, with my head over the side, and my hair all down, and my feet I don't know where—"

("Much higher than your head, my love," said Mr. Camilla.)

"I have gone off into that state hours and hours on account of Matthew's strange and inexplicable conduct, and nobody has thanked me."

"Really I must say I should think not!" interposed the grave lady.

"You see, my dear," added Miss Sarah Pocket (a blandly vicious personage), "the question to put to yourself is, who did you expect to thank you, my love?"

"Without expecting any thanks, or any thing of the sort," resumed Camilla, "I have remained in that state, hours and hours, and Raymond is a witness of the extent to which I have choked, and what the total inefficacy of ginger has been, and I have been heard at the pianoforte-tuner's across the street, where the poor, mistaken children have even supposed it to be pigeons cooing at a distance—and now to be told—" Here Camilla put her hand to her throat, and began to be quite chemical as to the formation of new combinations there.

When this same Matthew was mentioned Miss Havisham stopped me and herself and stood looking at the speaker. This change had a great influence in bringing Camilla's chemistry to a sudden end.

"Matthew will come and see me at last," said Miss Havisham, sternly, "when I am laid on that table. That will be his place—there," striking the table with her stick, "at my head! And yours will be there! And your husband's there! And Sarah Pocket's there! And Georgiana's there! Now you all know where to take your stations when you come to feast upon me. And now go!"

At the mention of each name she had struck the table with her stick in a new place. She now said, "Walk me, walk me!" and we went on again.

"I suppose there's nothing to be done," exclaimed Camilla, "but comply and depart. It's something to have seen the object of one's love and duty for even so short a time. I shall think of it with a melancholy satisfaction when I wake up in the night. I wish Matthew could have that comfort, but he sets it at defiance. I am determined not to make a display of my feelings, but it's very hard to be told one wants to feast on one's relations, and to be told to go. The bare idea!"

Mr. Camilla interposing, as Mrs. Camilla laid her hand upon her heaving bosom, that lady assumed an unnatural fortitude of manner which I supposed to be expressive of an intention to drop and choke when out of view, and kissing her hand to Miss Havisham, was escorted forth. Sarah Pocket and Georgiana contended who should remain last, but Sarah was too knowing to be outdone, and ambled round Georgiana with that artful slipperiness, that the latter was obliged to take precedence. Sarah Pocket then made her separate effect of departing with "Bless you, Miss Havisham dear!" and with a smile of forgiving pity on her walnut-shell countenance for the weaknesses of the rest.

While Estella was away lighting them down, Miss Havisham still walked with her hand on my shoulder, but more and more slowly. At last she stopped before the fire, and said, after muttering and looking at it some seconds:

"This is my birthday, Pip."

I was going to wish her many happy returns, when she lifted her stick.

"I don't suffer it to be spoken of. I don't suffer those who were here just now or any one to speak of it. They come here on the day, but they dare not refer to it.

Of course *I* made no further effort to refer to it.

"On this day of the year, long before you were born, this heap of decay," stabbing with her crutched stick at the pile of cobwebs on the table but not touching it, "was brought here. It and I have worn away together. The mice have gnawed at it, and sharper teeth than teeth of mice have gnawed at me."

She held the head of her stick against her heart as she stood looking at the table; she in her once white dress, all yellow and withered; the once white cloth all yellow and withered; every thing around in a state to crumble under a touch.

"When the ruin is complete," said she, with a ghastly look, "and when they lay me dead in my bride's dress on the bride's table—which shall be done, and which will be the finished curse upon him—so much the better if it is on this day!"

She stood looking at the table as if she stood looking at her own figure lying there. I remained quiet. Estella returned, and she too remained quiet. It seemed to me that we continued thus for a long time. In the heavy air of the room, and the heavy darkness that brooded in its remoter corners, I even had an alarming fancy that Estella and I would presently begin to decay.

At length, not coming out of her distraught state by degrees but in an instant, Miss Havisham said, "Let me see you two play cards; why have you not begun?" With that, we returned to her room, and sat down as before; I was beggared as before; and again, as before, Miss Havisham watched us all the time, directed my attention to Estella's beauty, and made me notice it the more by trying her jewels on Estella's breast and hair.

Estella, for her part, likewise treated me as before; except that she did not condescend to speak. When we had played some half dozen games a day was appointed for my return, and I was taken down into the yard to be fed in the former dog-like manner. There, too, I was again left to wander about as I liked.

It is not much to the purpose whether a gate in that garden wall which I had scrambled up to peep over on the last occasion was, on that last occasion, open or shut. Enough that I saw no gate then, and that I saw one now. As it stood open, and as I knew that Estella had let the visitors out—for she had returned with the keys in her hand—I strolled into the garden and strolled all over it. It was quite a wilderness, and there were old melon-frames and cucumber-frames in it, which seemed in their decline to have produced a spontaneous growth of feeble attempts at pieces of old hats and boots, with now and then a weedy offshoot into the likeness of a battered sauce-pan.

When I had exhausted the garden, and a green-house with nothing in it but a fallen down grape-vine and some bottles, I found myself in the dismal corner upon which I had looked out of window. Never questioning for a moment that the house was now empty, I looked in at another window, and found myself, to my great surprise, exchanging a broad stare with a pale young gentleman with red eyelids and very light hair.

This pale young gentleman quickly disappeared, and reappeared beside me. He had been at his books when I had found myself staring at him, and I now saw that he was inky.

"Halloa!" said he, "young fellow!"

Halloa being a general observation which I have usually observed to be best answered by itself, *I* said "Halloa!" politely omitting young fellow.

"Who let *you* in?" said he."

"Miss Estella."

"Who gave you leave to prowl about?"

"Miss Estella."

"Come and fight," said the pale young gentleman.

What could I do but follow him? I have often asked myself the question since; but what else could I do? His manner was so final, and I was so astonished, that I followed where he led, as if I had been under a spell.

"Stop a minute, though," he said, wheeling round before we had gone many paces. "I ought to give you a reason for fighting, too. There it is!" In a most irritating manner he instantly slapped his hands against one another, daintily flung one of his legs up behind him, pulled my hair, slapped his hands again, dipped his head, and ran it into my stomach.

The bull-like proceeding last mentioned, besides that it was unquestionably to be regarded in the light of a liberty, was particularly disagreeable just after bread and meat. I therefore hit out at him, and was going to hit out again, when he said, "Aha! Would you?" and began dancing backward and forward in a manner quite unparalleled within my limited experience.

"Laws of the game!" said he. Here he skipped from his left leg on to his right. "Regular rules!" Here he skipped from his right leg on to his left. "Come to the ground, and go through the preliminaries!" Here he dodged backward and forward, and did all sorts of things, while I looked helplessly at him.

I was secretly afraid of him when I saw him so dexterous; but I felt morally and physically convinced that his light head of hair could have had no business in the pit of my stomach, and that I had a right to consider it irrelevant when so obtruded on my attention. Therefore I followed him, without a word, to a retired nook of the garden formed by the junction of two walls and screened by some rubbish. On his asking me if I was satisfied with the ground, and on my replying Yes, he begged my leave to absent himself for a moment and quickly returned with a bottle of water and a sponge dipped in vinegar. "Available for both," he said, placing these against the wall. And then fell to pulling off, not only his jacket and waistcoat, but his shirt too, in a manner at once light-hearted, business-like, and blood-thirsty.

Although he did not look very healthy—having pimples on his face, and a breaking out at his mouth—these dreadful preparations quite appalled me. I judged him to be about my own age, but he was much taller, and he had a way of spinning himself about that was full of appearance and highly impressive. For the rest he was a young gentleman in a gray suit (when not denuded for battle), with his elbows, knees, wrists, and heels considerably in advance of the rest of him as to development.

My heart failed me when I saw him squaring at me with every demonstration of mechanical nicety, and eying my anatomy as if he were minutely choosing his bone. I never have been so surprised in my life as I was when I let out the first blow, and saw him lying on his back looking up at me with a bloody nose and his face exceedingly foreshortened.

But he was on his feet directly, and after sponging himself with a great show of dexterity, began squaring again. The second greatest surprise I have ever had in my life was seeing him on his back again, looking up at me out of a black eye.

His spirit inspired me with great respect. He seemed to have no strength, and he never once hit me hard, and he was always knocked down; but he would be up again in a moment, sponging himself or drinking out of the water-bottle, with the greatest satisfaction in seconding himself according to form, and then came at me with an air and a show that made me believe he really was going to do for me at last. He got heavily bruised, for I am sorry to record that the more I hit him the harder I hit him, but he came up again and again and again, until at last he got a bad fall with the back of his head against the wall. Even after that crisis in our affairs he got up and turned round and round confusedly a few times, not knowing where I was, but finally went on his knees to his sponge and threw it up: at the same time panting out, "That means you have won."

He seemed so brave and innocent, that, although I had not proposed the contest, I felt but a gloomy satisfaction in my victory. Indeed, I go so far as to hope that I regarded myself while dressing as a species of savage young wolf, or other wild beast. However, I got dressed, darkly wiping my face at intervals, and I said, "Can I help you?" and he said, "No, thankee," and I said, "Good-afternoon," and *he* said, "Same to you."

When I got into the court-yard I found Estella waiting with the keys. But she neither asked me where I had been, nor why I had kept her waiting; and there was a bright flush upon her face as though something had happened to delight her. Instead of going straight to the gate, too, she stepped back into the passage, and beckoned me.

"Come here! You may kiss me, if you like."

I kissed her cheek as she turned it to me. I think I would have gone through a great deal to kiss her cheek. But I felt that the kiss was given to the coarse, common boy as a piece of money might have been, and that it was worth nothing.

What with the birthday visitors, and what with the cards, and what with the fight, my stay had lasted so long, that when I neared home the light on the spit of sand off the point on the marshes was gleaming against a black night-sky, and Joe's furnace was flinging a path of fire across the road.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

CONGRESS.

On Friday, December 21, in the Senate, the House Pacific Railroad Bill was made the special order for the 2d of January. The bill to allow the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad to cross the Potomac at Long Bridge was debated and passed. Senator Yulee, of Florida, moved a reconsideration of the vote whereby Senator Davis was excused from serving on the Special Committee of Thirteen. Senator Davis explained his position, but before taking final action on the subject the Senate adjourned till Monday. The House was not in session.

On Monday, December 24, in the Senate, several propositions bearing upon the present misunderstanding between the two sections of the country were submitted, and referred to the Select Committee of Thirteen—among them several amendments to the Constitution by Senator Douglas. Senator Wilson, of Massachusetts, introduced a bill for the more effectual suppression of the Slave-trade, by which it is proposed to modify the act of 1820 so as to meet the objections of Judge Magrath, of South Carolina. Among other provisions, it makes the fitting out of slavers, like the sailing of them, piracy, and changes the penalty from death to imprisonment for life. The special order—the bill for the admission of Kansas—was postponed, in order that the resolution offered by Senator Johnson, of Tennessee, might be considered as unfinished business, and Senator Nicholson, of Tennessee, proceeded to make an elaborate speech in answer to his colleague and Senator Wade, of Ohio. He believed the Republicans responsible for all the trouble at present existing in the Union.——In the House, a letter signed by the South Carolina members was read, announcing the secession of their State, and their consequent withdrawal from Congress. Mr. Morris, of Illinois, offered a resolution for the appointment of a Committee to investigate the late defalcation in the Interior Department. It was laid over, pending the receipt of a communication from the Secretary of the Interior on the subject, and also one from the Secretary of the Treasury, asking for an investigation, after which it was passed. John Cochrane offered a preamble and resolution providing, among other things, for a restoration of the Missouri Compromise line. Mr. Haskin proposed as a substitute that the Judiciary Committee inquire into the relations existing between the Federal Government and the State of South Carolina. Mr. Cochrane finally withdrew his resolution, objection being made to its introduction before the Special Committee had reported. The Diplomatic Appropriation Bill was passed without debate, and the House adjourned until Thursday.

THE SOUTH CAROLINA CONVENTION.

This body continues to sit, having refused to adjourn over the holidays. Addresses to the Southern States and to the world have been issued and published; their length precludes their publication here. Three Commissioners—Messrs. Adams, Orr, and Barnwell—have been appointed to treat with the United States Government. Nothing has been done with regard to the commercial relations of the new nation: the United States Collector continues to issue clearances and to collect duties. On Christmas Day Mr. Manigault's resolution, instructing the Governor to make forthwith all preparations which may be needed to assert by force the right and jurisdiction of South Carolina in its territory, was lost.

On 26th, a resolution was passed declaring citizens of South Carolina all citizens of the United States within her limits on the 20th inst., the date of her secession. Another provides for a Convention of slaveholding States at Montgomery, Alabama, for the purpose of forming a Southern Confederacy, under the Constitution of the United States. The Convention, in secret session, adopted an ordinance continuing the present Federal revenue officers in their places, and also continuing the United States revenue and navigation laws in force, subject to certain regulations.

THE SOUTH CAROLINA PROCLAMATION OF INDEPENDENCE.

Governor Pickens has, agreeably to the ordinance of secession, issued a prolamation, proclaiming to the world that South Carolina is, and has a right to be, a separate, sovereign, free, and independent State, and as such has a right to levy war, conclude peace, negotiate treaties, leagues, or covenants, and do all acts whatever that rightly appertain to a free and independent State.

RESIGNATION OF THE SOUTH CAROLINA DELEGATION.

The Speaker laid before the House on the 24th, a letter signed by Messrs. M'Queen, Bonham, Boyce, and Ashmore, of South Carolina, as follows:

SIR,—We avail ourselves of the earliest opportunity since the official communication of the intelligence, of making known to your honorable body that the people of the State of South Carolina, in their sovereign capacity, have resumed the powers heretofore delegated by them to the Federal Government of the United States, and have thereby dissolved our connection with the House of Representatives. In taking leave of those with whom we have been associated in a common agency, we, as well as the people of our Commonwealth, desire to do so with a feeling of mutual regard and respect for each other—cherishing the hope that, in our future relations, we may better enjoy that peace and harmony essential to the happiness of a free and enlightened people.

JOHN M'QUEEN,
M. L. BONHAM,
W. W. BOYCE,
J. D. ASHMORE.

To the Speaker of the House of Representatives.

THE PRESIDENT'S INTENTIONS.

The Baltimore *Patriot* of December 24 has this paragraph: "On the authority of two gentlemen, one, a distinguished minister of the Gospel, and the other a prominent officer of the Federal Government in this city, both of whom held a conversation with the President two or three days ago, we are enabled to state that the President avowed his determination to them to execute the laws, during the remainder of his term of office, at all hazards, and without respect to consequences; that, much as he regretted the attitude of South Carolina, it was a matter he had no right or authority to meddle with, so long as she did not cross the orbit of the Federal Government; that he would deliver up to his successor, intact, all the property of the United States, let it cost what it may, to do so; that he wished to avoid any conflict, if possible, with South Carolina; but if she pretended to resist the collection of the Federal revenue, or touch the United States forts within her limits, or to do any other act that infringed the Federal laws, he would use the whole power of the Government, if necessary, to vindicate its majesty and assert its authority in the premises."

SENATOR TOOMBS FOR SECESSION AT ONCE.

Mr. Toombs telegraphed, on 23d, the following address to the people of Georgia:

"I came here to secure your constitutional rights, and to demonstrate to you that you can get no guarantee for those rights from your Northern confederates. The whole subject was referred to a Committee of Thirteen in the Senate. I was appointed on the Committee, and accepted the trust. I submitted propositions, which, so far from receiving decided support from a single member of the Republican party of the Committee, were all treated with derision or contempt. A vote was then taken in the Committee on amendments to the Constitution, proposed by Hon. J. J. Crittenden, and each and all of them were voted against unanimously by the Black Republican members of the Committee. In addition to these facts, a majority of the Black Republican members of the Committee declared distinctly that they had no guarantees to offer, which was silently acquiesced in by the other members. The Black Republican members of this Committee of Thirteen are representative men of the party and section, and, to the extent of my information, truly represent them.

"The Committee of Thirty-three on Friday adjourned for a week without coming to any vote, after solemnly pledging themselves to vote on all the propositions then before them on that day. It is controlled by the Black Republicans, your enemies, who only seek to amuse you with delusive hope until your election, that you may defeat the friends of secession. If you are deceived by them, it shall not be my fault. I have put the test fairly and frankly. It is decisive against you now. I tell you, upon the faith of a true man, that all further looking to the North for security for your constitutional rights in the Union ought to be instantly abandoned. It is fraught with nothing but ruin to yourselves and your posterity. Secession by the 4th day of March next should be thundered from the ballot-box by the unanimous voice of Georgia on the 2d day of January next. Such a voice will be your best guarantee for liberty, security, tranquillity, and glory.

R. TOOMBS."

WHERE MARYLAND STANDS.

In reply to the Mississippi Commissioner, Governor Hicks, of Maryland, says that Maryland is identified with the Southern States in feeling, institutions, and habits, but she is also conservative and devoted to the Union of the States under the Constitution, and her people will use all honorable means to preserve and perpetuate these. He declares that the sentiments of the people are almost unanimous in favor of upholding and maintaining their rights under the Constitution. They believe that their rights will yet be admitted and secured, and not until it is certain

they will be respected no longer—not until every honorable, constitutional, and lawful effort to secure them is exhausted—will they consent to any efforts for a dissolution of the Union. The people of Maryland are anxious that time should be given and opportunity afforded for a fair and honorable adjustment of the difficulties and grievances of which they, more than the people of any other State, have a right to complain. He believes that a large majority of the people of the Union desire such an adjustment, and he thinks it will be promptly effected. Until the effort is found vain he can not consent to any precipitate revolutionary action to aid in the dismemberment of the Union. When he is satisfied that there is no hope of adjustment, and not until then, will he exercise any power with which he is vested to afford even an opportunity for such a proceeding. Whatever powers he may have he will use only after full consultation with the other border States, since we and they, in the event of any dismemberment of the Union, will suffer more than all the others combined. He states that he is now in correspondence with the Governors of these States, and awaits with much solicitude the indications of the course to be pursued by them. When this is made known he will be prepared to take such steps as duty and the interests of the State demanded. He is, consequently, unable to say whether or when the Legislature will be called.

SECESSION FEELING IN VIRGINIA.

A telegram, dated Norfolk, Virginia, December 23, says: The secession feeling here is on the increase. Ashland Hall was again crowded with citizens last night. Disunion speeches were delivered by Colonel V. D. Grover and General John Tyler. The speeches were enthusiastically applauded. General Tyler concluded with the expression, "Let the Union go to hell!" which was received with loud and repeated cheers.

Governor Letcher has completed his Message. He is in favor of a central Confederacy if the Cotton States secede, and against the State Convention.

The secession excitement is rapidly increasing here.

ALABAMA FOR SECESSION.

A dispatch, dated Montgomery, Alabama, December 26, says: Returns from all the counties in the different sections of the State, thus far received, indicate that straight out secession has swept every thing by fifty thousand in East, West, Middle, and Southern Alabama. Hardly one opposed to separate State action has been elected. The majority in the Convention for immediate secession will be at least fifty. Alabama will follow South Carolina on the 10th of January. To-day passed off very quietly. No disturbance among the negro population, and no apprehension of any. Governor Moore has issued his proclamation for an extra session of the Legislature, to convene on the 14th of January.

TEXAS FALLING INTO LINE.

A dispatch dated New Orleans, December 26, says: "The latest advices from Texas state that Governor Houston will convene an extra session of the Texas Legislature on the 21st of January, to consider the present crisis. The convention of the people will be held on the 28th of January. The secession feeling is in the ascendant."

MR. LINCOLN'S POSITION.

We read in the Albany *Evening Journal:* "Since the newspapers have made our recent visit to Springfield the occasion of remark, it may not be improper to say that an interview with Mr. Lincoln has confirmed and strengthened our confidence in his fitness for the high position he is to occupy; of his eminent qualifications for the great trust reposed in him; of his enlightened appreciation of the difficulties and dangers that surround us; of his desire that the Free States, if in any thing delinquent, should fulfill their constitutional duties; of his determination to require from all the States an enforcement of the laws and obedience to the Constitution; and finally, of his earnest and inflexible devotion to the principles and sympathies of Republicanism."

WHY LINCOLN WON'T SPEAK.

James P. Luse, of Indiana, publishes a narrative of an hour's conversation with Mr. Lincoln, in which he says:

"In reply to my inquiry as to the truth of the rumor that he intended to make public in some shape his views of public affairs at this juncture, he said that he had as much curiosity to know what kind of a *pronunciamiento* the South wanted and wished as the South had to know what kind he would make, if he made one at all. 'If they would suppress Benjamin's speech because it contained extracts from my speeches, which he considered conservative, is it likely,' said he, 'that they would make public to the masses of the South any thing that I might now write?'"

SENATOR SEWARD ON SECESSION.

At the New England dinner at the Astor House, on Saturday 23d, Senator Seward said: "The Yankees invented confederation. The people of South Carolina have invented secession. The wisdom of the latter is now to be tried in comparison with the experience of the former. At the first glance it exhibits this singular anomaly—that of a State which has in the Senate of the United States two seats, and in the House of Representatives six members, each of them paid $3000 a year out of a treasury to which they contribute only a small part—a State consisting of 700,000 people of all conditions, and of whom 274,000 are white, going out of the Union to stand by itself, and sending to the Congress of the United States three Commissioners to stand outside of the bar to negotiate for their interests, and to be paid by herself, instead of having two Senators and six Representatives in Congress on an equality with all the other States. This is the experiment that is to be tried by States on this continent—whether they will find it wiser to occupy seats within the Congress of the United States, and to have their representatives paid by the United States for coming there, or in lieu of that, to send Commissioners to present their claims and their rights at the bar of the United States, without the privilege of voting on their own claims, and to be paid for by the States themselves. This is the last political invention of the times. I need not say to you that I do not think it is likely to be followed by many other States on this continent, or to be persevered in long, because it is manifestly very much inferior to the system that already exists."

WHAT IS TO BE DONE?

He added:

"Now, in all this business I propose that we shall keep our own virtue and our own temper, which in politics consists in remembering that men must differ, brethren even in the same family must differ, and if we can be entirely cool, and entirely calm, and entirely kind, a debate will ensue which will be hard in itself, and it will prove very soon that either we are wrong, and we shall concede to our offended brethren, or else that we are right, and they will have to acquiesce and come back into fraternal relations with us. [Loud applause.] I do not want to anticipate any questions. We have a great many politicians and a great many statesmen who propose to know at once what the North proposes to do, what the Government proposes to do; whether they propose to coerce their Southern brethren back into their allegiance. They may ask us, of course, as they may rightfully ask what will be the value of fraternity which is compelled. All I have to say on that subject is, it was so as long ago as the time of Sir Thomas More, when he discovered it and set down his discovery in his writings. You will all find it there; that while there were a great many schoolmasters, and that while there were a very few that knew how to instruct children, there were a great many who knew how to whip them. [Applause and laughter.] I propose to have any questions on that subject, and to hear complaints, to redress them if they ought to be, and if we have the power to redress them, to expect them to be withdrawn if they are unreasonable, because I know that the necessities which made this Union exist, if these States are stronger to-day than they were when that Union was made, and that those necessities are enduring while the passions of men are short-lived and ephemeral. I believe that secession was stronger on the night of the 6th day of November, when a President and Vice-President who were unexceptionable were elected, than it is now. That is now some fifty days since. I believe that every day that has set since that time has set upon mollified passions and prejudices; and if you will only give it time, sixty more suns will give you a much better and more cheerful atmosphere."

GREAT ROBBERY IN THE INTERIOR DEPARTMENT.

Washington City was, on 23d, thrown into a high state of excitement by the announcement that the Department of the Interior had been robbed of a very large amount of bonds and stocks held in trust for the benefit of different Indian tribes under our treaties with them. Secretary Thompson, who arrived in Washington late on Saturday night, immediately instituted an investigation, and a clerk named Godard Bailey, who had charge of the bonds, confessed to having appropriated them to his own use. It seems that Bailey, according to his own statement, gave them to Russell, of Russell & Co., army contractors, in exchange for Governor Floyd's acceptances. The amount confessed to have been stolen is $870,000. Russell has been arrested, and is held in jail at Washington. The bonds stolen consist of Missouris, Virginias, Tennessees, and North Carolinas.

EXCITEMENT AT PITTSBURGH.

The people of Pittsburgh and vicinity were thrown into a state of the greatest excitement on Monday by a revelation of the fact that United States Quarter-master Taliafero was arranging for the shipment of seventy-eight heavy guns to Newport, Texas, and forty-six more to Ship Island, near the Balize, from the Alleghany Arsenal—the apparent object being to place them in a position where they could be seized by the Secessionists. It appears that the forts at the points designated are new, and have never had any guns, and that those in question were originally designed for them. In the present condition of affairs, however, the citizens of Pittsburgh think it better that the guns should remain wher they are, and measures are being taken to retain them.

PERSONAL.

Hon. David Wilmot, of Pennsylvania, visited Mr. Lincoln on 24th, and we are informed over the wires that Mr. Wilmot has been offered a place in the Cabinet, and will undoubtedly represent Pennsylvania in some capacity—what, however, is still enveloped in the mysteries of the future.

His Honor the Mayor was on Saturday united to Miss Mills in the bonds of matrimony, and immediately after the ceremony started on a Southern tour. Mr. Peck acts as his *locum tenens* during his absence.

FOREIGN NEWS.

FRANCE.

FRENCH OPINION ON OUR SECESSION QUESTION.

THE Paris *Presse* has the following:

"France, who abolished slavery herself, can not even seem to protect it in other countries. Such an idea even would do her a serious injury. The Americans of South Carolina must, then, be persuaded that if ever they obtain from the French Government the moral support that they demand, it will not be as proprietors, but in spite of their being proprietors of slaves, and by virtue of the principle, acknowledged for thirty years, that all Governments *de facto* shall be recognized by the Governments of Europe and America.

* * * * * * *

"The rupture of the Union will entail more risks than benefits; for while the commerce of England and the whole of Europe will be admitted, with our own, to the free ports of the New Confederation, the Northern Confederation will immediately seek, in an exclusive alliance with England, a counterpoise to the Southern agreement with France. War will inevitably flow from this antagonism. Having as allies slave proprietors, we will be forced, by the nature of things, to defend their institutions and to tolerate their plan of annexing Mexico and the Island of Cuba, which the North up to this time has alone prevented.

"France will never lay herself open to such a course. She ought not to allow the Southern States to deceive themselves in this matter. She can not even lend such consent as silence may afford; her duty is to labor with all her power to prevent a dissolution. There ought not to be for us, on the other side of the Atlantic, either Southern Americans or Northern Americans, but States whose union is important to the equilibrium of the world. The American marine is not less necessary to France, than the Russian, Spanish, and Italian navies, to prevent a single Power from seizing the empire of the seas.

"France was the first ally of the United States—we hope that she will now be their counselor, and expose the abyss into which they are hurrying—an abyss in which will be buried forever a Past glorious and a Future most hopeful. For the American Union separation is suicide; it is the murder of a great nation and a great principle. France can not lend a hand to this suicide and this murder. She has helped to make this people—she will never help to destroy them.

"Such are, we are convinced, the sentiments of our Government."

ITALY.

ARRIVAL OF THE KING AT PALERMO.

News has arrived of the arrival of the King in Palermo, on Saturday morning, at 9.15 A.M. He was received with indescribable enthusiasm. The people insisted on taking the horses out of the carriage and drawing him in. It is calculated that upward of 400,000 persons had assembled in Palermo. His Majesty went first to the cathedral, where he was received by the Archbishop. On arriving at the palace he received immediately the constituted authorities, and afterward the deputations from the various municipalities of the island.

A LAST PROCLAMATION FROM GARIBALDI.

The *Nationalités*, of Turin, publishes the following proclamation by Garibaldi:

"ITALY AND VICTOR EMANUEL! The Italians must not on any account abandon this programme. Victor Emanuel is the only indispensable man in Italy, around whom all the men of our peninsula must rally. I do not care whether the Minister's name be Cavour or Cattaneo (the latter is preferable); but what I care for, and what all Italians must inexorably demand, is, that on the 5th of March, 1861, Victor Emanuel be at the head of 500,000 soldiers. GARIBALDI.

"*November 28.*"

ATTEMPT TO ASSASSINATE GARIBALDI.

Passengers by the steamship *Canada* say that it was rumored at Queenstown that Garibaldi had been assassinated.

The papers by the *Canada* report that Colonel Dunn, of the Sicilian army, had been wounded in an attempt to assassinate him. The rumor of the assassination of Garibaldi probably arose from this circumstance.

CHINA.

THE FALL OF PEKIN.

The following is the latest Government telegram respecting affairs in China. It is dated Alexandria, November 30, and comes from the British Consul-General at that place:

"Two of the gates of Pekin are in our hands. Parkes and Lock have been returned to us. Captain Anderson and Mr. De Normann have died from the effects of ill-treatment. Brabazon and Boulby are unaccounted for. The Emperor's Summer palace has been taken and sacked, affording immense spoil. The Emperor has fled into Tartary. The forces are to winter at Pekin and Tien-tsin. Two Embassadors are at military head-quarters."

A Pekin telegram of the 13th October confirms all that is stated in the above. It says, in addition, that Pekin surrendered to the Allies on the 13th, yielding to all demands. The indemnity was ready when demanded. The Tartar army fled with the Emperor, and none of the enemy were visible in Pekin. All the Allies were encamped on the walls. Lord Elgin and Baron Gros were at Pekin. Little hope was entertained of Brabazon, Boulby (the *Times* Correspondent), or the French officers missing.

PEACE AT LAST.

A brief dispatch from Pekin, received in London *via* St. Petersburg, announces the cessation of hostilities, and an exchange of ratifications of peace on the 5th of November. The Allies were evacuating the capital, and the Emperor would shortly return to it.

A MESSAGE FROM THE SEA.

Dickens's Christmas Story.

☞ Published from advance Proof-sheets purchased from the Author for "Harper's Weekly."

[CONCLUDED FROM OUR LAST WEEK'S NUMBER.]

MINE is my brother's Ghost Story. It happened to my brother about thirty years ago, while he was wandering, sketch-book in hand, among the High Alps, picking up subjects for an illustrated work on Switzerland. Having entered the Oberland by the Brunig Pass, and filled his port-folio with what he used to call "bits" from the neighborhood of Meyringen, he went over the Great Scheideck to Grindlewald, where he arrived one dusky September evening, about three quarters of an hour after sunset. There had been a fair that day, and the place was crowded. In the best inn there was not an inch of space to spare—there were only two inns at Grindlewald thirty years ago—so my brother went to one at the end of the covered bridge next the church, and there, with some difficulty, obtained the promise of a pile of rugs and a mattress, in a room which was already occupied by three other travelers.

The Adler was a primitive hostelry, half farm, half inn, with great rambling galleries outside, and a huge general room, like a barn. At the upper end of this room stood long stoves, like metal counters, laden with steaming pans, and glowing underneath like furnaces. At the lower end, smoking, supping, and chatting, were congregated some thirty or forty guests, chiefly mountaineers, char-drivers, and guides. Among these my brother took his seat, and was served, like the rest, with a bowl of soup, a platter of beef, a flagon of country wine, and a loaf made of Indian corn. Presently a huge St. Bernard dog came and laid his nose upon my brother's arm. In the mean time he fell into conversation with two Italian youths, bronzed and dark-eyed, near whom he happened to be seated. They were Florentines. Their names, they told him, were Stefano and Battisto. They had been traveling for some months on commission, selling cameos, mosaics, sulphur casts, and the like pretty Italian trifles, and were now on their way to Interlaken and Geneva. Weary of the cold North, they longed, like children, for the moment which should take them back to their own blue hills and gray-green olives; to their workshop on the Ponte Vecchio, and their home down by the Arno.

It was quite a relief to my brother, on going up to bed, to find that these youths were to be two of his fellow-lodgers. The third was already there, and sound asleep, with his face to the wall. They scarcely looked at this third. They were all tired, and all anxious to rise at daybreak, having agreed to walk together over the Wengern Alp as far as Lauterbrunnen. So my brother and the two youths exchanged a brief good-night, and, before many minutes, were all as far away in the land of dreams as their unknown companion.

My brother slept profoundly—so profoundly that, being roused in the morning by a clamor of merry voices, he sat up dreamily in his rugs, and wondered where he was.

"Good-day, signor," cried Battisto. "Here is a fellow-traveler going the same way as ourselves."

"Christien Baumann, native of Kandersteg, musical-box maker by trade, stands five feet eleven in his shoes, and is at monsieur's service to command," said the sleeper of the night before.

He was as fine a young fellow as one would wish to see. Light, and strong, and well-proportioned, with curling brown hair, and bright, honest eyes that seemed to dance at every word he uttered.

"Good-morning," said my brother. "You were asleep last night when we came up."

"Asleep! I should think so, after being all day in the fair, and walking from Meyringen the evening before. What a capital fair it was!"

"Capital, indeed," said Battisto. "We sold cameos and mosaics yesterday for nearly fifty francs."

"Oh, you sell cameos and mosaics, you two! Show me your cameos, and I will show you my musical boxes. I have such pretty ones, with colored views of Geneva and Chillon on the lids, playing two, four, six, and even eight tunes. Bah! I will give you a concert!"

And with this he unstrapped his pack, displayed his little boxes on the table, and wound them up, one after the other, to the delight of the Italians.

"I helped to make them myself, every one," said he, proudly. "Is it not pretty music? I sometimes set one of them when I go to bed at night, and fall asleep listening to it. I am sure, then, to have pleasant dreams! But let us see your cameos. Perhaps I may buy one for Marie, if they are not too dear. Marie is my sweet-heart, and we are to be married next week."

"Next week!" exclaimed Stefano. "That is very soon. Battisto has a sweet-heart also, up at Impruneta; but they will have to wait a long time before they can buy the ring."

Battisto blushed like a girl.

"Hush, brother!" said he. "Show the cameos to Christien, and give your tongue a holiday!"

But Christien was not so to be put off.

"What is her name?" said he. "Tush! Battisto, you must tell me her name! Is she pretty? Is she dark or fair? Do you often see her when you are at home? Is she very fond of you? Is she as fond of you as Marie is of me?"

"Nay, how should I know that?" asked the soberer Battisto. "She loves me, and I love her—that is all."

"And her name?"

"Margherita."

"A charming name! And she is herself as pretty as her name, I'll engage. Did you say she was fair?"

"I said nothing about it one way or the other," said Battisto, unlocking a green box clamped with iron, and taking out tray after tray of his pretty wares. "There! Those pictures all inlaid in little bits are Roman mosaics—these flowers on a black ground are Florentine. The ground is of hard, dark stone, and the flowers are made of thin slices of jasper, onyx, cornelian, and so forth. Those forget-me-nots, for instance, are bits of turquoise, and that poppy is cut from a piece of coral."

"I like the Roman ones best," said Christien. "What place is that with all the arches?"

"This is the Coliseum, and the one next to it is St. Peter's. But we Florentines care little for the Roman work. It is not half so fine or so valuable as ours. The Romans make their mosaics of composition."

"Composition or no, I like the little landscapes best," said Christien. "There is a lovely one, with a pointed building, and a tree, and mountains at the back. How I should like that one for Marie!"

"You may have it for eight francs," replied Battisto; "we sold two of them yesterday for ten each. It represents the tomb of Caius Cestius, near Rome."

"A tomb!" echoed Christien, considerably dismayed. "Diable! That would be a dismal present to one's bride."

"She would never guess that it was a tomb if you did not tell her," suggested Stefano.

Christien shook his head.

"That would be next door to deceiving her," said he.

"Nay," interposed my brother, "the owner of that tomb has been dead these eighteen or nineteen hundred years. One almost forgets that he was ever buried in it."

"Eighteen or nineteen hundred years? Then he was a heathen?"

"Undoubtedly, if by that you mean that he lived before Christ."

Christien's face lighted up immediately.

"Oh, that settles the question," said he, pulling out his little canvas purse, and paying his money down at once. "A heathen's tomb is as good as no tomb at all. I'll have it made into a brooch for her, at Interlaken. Tell me, Battisto, what shall you take home to Italy for your Margherita?"

Battisto laughed, and chinked his eight francs. "That depends on trade," said he; "if we make good profits between this and Christmas I may take her a Swiss muslin from Berne; but we have already been away seven months, and we have hardly made a hundred francs over and above our expenses."

And with this the talk turned upon general matters, the Florentines locked away their treasures, Christien restrapped his pack, and my brother and all went down together, and breakfasted in the open air outside the inn.

It was a magnificent morning: cloudless and sunny, with a cool breeze that rustled in the vine upon the porch, and flecked the table with shifting shadows of green leaves. All around and about them stood the great mountains, with their blue-white glaciers bristling down to the verge of the pastures, and the pine-woods creeping darkly up their sides. To the left, the Wetterhorn; to the right, the Eigher; straight before them, dazzling and imperishable, like an obelisk of frosted silver, the Schreckhorn, or Peak of Terror. Breakfast over, they bade farewell to their hostess, and, mountain-staff in hand, took the path to the Wengern Alp. Half in light, half in shadow, lay the quiet valley, dotted over with farms, and traversed by a torrent that rushed, milk-white, from its prison in the glacier. The three lads walked briskly in advance, their voices chiming together every now and then in chorus of laughter. Somehow my brother felt sad. He lingered behind, and, plucking a little red flower from the bank, watched it hurry away with the torrent, like a life on the stream of time. Why was his heart so heavy, and why were their hearts so light?

As the day went on my brother's melancholy and the mirth of the young men seemed to increase. Full of youth and hope, they talked of the joyous future, and built up pleasant castles in the air. Battisto, grown more communicative, admitted that to marry Margherita, and become a master mosaicist, would fulfill the dearest dream of his life. Stefano, not being in love, preferred to travel. Christien, who seemed to be the most prosperous, declared that it was his darling ambition to rent a farm in his native Kander Valley, and lead the patriarchal life of his fathers. As for the musical-box trade, he said, one should live in Geneva to make it answer; and, for his part, he loved the pine-forests and the snow-peaks better than all the towns in Europe. Marie, too, had been born among the mountains, and it would break her heart if she thought she were to live in Geneva all her life and never see the Kander Thal again. Chatting thus the morning wore on to noon, and the party rested a while in the shade of a clump of gigantic firs festooned with trailing banners of gray-green moss.

Here they ate their lunch, to the silvery music of one of Christien's little boxes, and by-and-by heard the sullen echo of an avalanche far away on the shoulder of the Jungfrau.

Then they went on again in the burning afternoon, to heights where the Alp-rose fails from the sterile steep, and the brown lichen grows more and more scantily among the stones. Here only the bleached and barren skeletons of a forest of dead pines varied the desolate monotony; and high on the summit of the pass stood a little solitary inn, between them and the sky.

At this inn they rested again, and drank to the health of Christien and his bride in a jug of country wine. He was in uncontrollable spirits, and shook hands with them all, over and over again.

"By nightfall to-morrow," said he, "I shall

SEEING THE

YEAR OUT
WATCH NIGHT

hold her once more in my arms! It is now nearly two years since I came home to see her, at the end of my apprenticeship. Now I am foreman, with a salary of thirty francs a week, and well able to marry."

"Thirty francs a week!" echoed Battisto. "Corpo di Bacco! that is a little fortune."

Christien's face beamed.

"Yes," said he, "we shall be very happy; and by-and-by—who knows?—we may end our days in the Kander Thal, and bring up our children to succeed us. Ah! If Marie knew that I should be there to-morrow night how delighted she would be!"

"How so, Christien?" said my brother. "Does she not expect you?"

"Not a bit of it. She has no idea that I can be there till the day after to-morrow—nor could I if I took the road all round by Unterseen and Frütigen. I mean to sleep to-night at Lauterbrunnen, and to-morrow morning shall strike across the Tschlingel glacier to Kandersteg. If I rise a little before daybreak I shall be at home by sunset."

At this moment the path took a sudden turn, and began to descend in sight of an immense perspective of very distant valleys. Christien flung his cap into the air and uttered a great shout.

"Look!" said he, stretching out his arms as if to embrace all the dear familiar scene: "Oh! Look! There are the hills and woods of Interlaken; and here, below the precipices on which we stand, lies Lauterbrunnen! God be praised, who has made our native land so beautiful!"

The Italians smiled at each other, thinking their own Arno Valley far more fair; but my brother's heart warmed to the boy, and echoed his thanksgiving in that spirit which accepts all beauty as a birth-right and an inheritance. And now their course lay across an immense plateau, all rich with corn-fields and meadows, and studded with substantial homesteads built of old brown wood, with huge sheltering eaves, and strings of Indian corn hanging like golden ingots along the carven balconies. Blue whortleberries grew beside the footway, and now and then they came upon a wild gentian, or a star-shaped immortelle. Then the path became a mere zigzag on the face of the precipice, and in less than half an hour they reached the lowest level of the valley. The glowing afternoon had not yet faded from the uppermost pines when they were all dining together in the parlor of a little inn looking to the Jungfrau. In the evening my brother wrote letters, while the three lads strolled about the village. At nine o'clock they bade each other good-night, and went to their several rooms.

Weary as he was, my brother found it impossible to sleep. The same unaccountable melancholy still possessed him, and when at last he dropped into an uneasy slumber, it was but to start over and over again from frightful dreams, faint with a nameless terror. Toward morning he fell into a profound sleep, and never woke until the day was fast advancing toward noon. He then found, to his regret, that Christien had long since gone. He had risen before daybreak, breakfasted by candlelight, and started off in the gray dawn—"as merry," said the host, "as a fiddler at a fair."

Stefano and Battisto were still waiting to see my brother, being charged by Christien with a friendly farewell message to him, and an invitation to the wedding. They, too, were asked, and meant to go; so my brother agreed to meet them at Interlaken on the following Tuesday, whence they might walk to Kandersteg by easy stages, reaching their destination on the Thursday morning, in time to go to church with the bridal party. My brother then bought some of the little Florentine cameos, wished the two boys every good fortune, and watched them down the road till he could see them no longer.

Left now to himself, he wandered out with his sketch-book, and spent the day in the upper valley; at sunset he dined alone in his chamber, by the light of a single lamp. This meal dispatched, he drew nearer to the fire, took out a pocket edition of Goethe's Essays on Art, and promised himself some hours of pleasant reading. (Ah, how well I know that very book, in its faded cover, and how often I have heard him describe that lonely evening!) The night had by this time set in cold and wet. The damp logs spluttered on the hearth, and a wailing wind swept down the valley, bearing the rain in sudden gusts against the panes. My brother soon found that to read was impossible. His attention wandered incessantly. He read the same sentence over and over again, unconscious of its meaning, and fell into long trains of thought leading far into the dim past.

Thus the hours went by; and at eleven o'clock he heard the doors closing below, and the household retiring to rest. He determined to yield no longer to this dreaming apathy. He threw on fresh logs, trimmed the lamp, and took several turns about the room. Then he opened the casement, and suffered the rain to beat against his face, and the wind to ruffle his hair, as it ruffled the acacia leaves in the garden below. Some minutes passed thus, and when, at length, he closed the window and came back into the room, his face and hair and all the front of his shirt were thoroughly saturated. To unstrap his knapsack and take out a dry shirt was, of course, his first impulse—to drop the garment, listen eagerly, and start to his feet, breathless and bewildered, was the next.

For, borne fitfully upon the outer breeze, now sweeping past the window, now dying in the distance, he heard a well-remembered strain of melody, subtle and silvery as the "sweet airs" of Prospero's isle, and proceeding unmistakably from the musical-box which had, the day before, accompanied the lunch under the fir-trees of the Wengern Alp!

Had Christien come back, and was it thus that he announced his return? If so, where was he? Under the window? Outside in the corridor? Sheltering in the porch, and waiting for admittance? My brother threw open the casement again, and called him by his name.

"Christien! Is that you?"

All without was intensely silent. He could hear the last gust of wind and rain moaning farther and farther away upon its wild course down the valley, and the pine-trees shivering, like living things.

"Christien!" he said again, and his own voice seemed to echo strangely on his ear. "Speak! Is it you?"

Still no one answered. He leaned out into the dark night, but could see nothing—not even the outline of the porch below. He began to think that his imagination had deceived him, when suddenly the strain burst forth again; this time, apparently in his own chamber.

As he turned, expecting to find Christien at his elbow, the sounds broke off abruptly, and a sensation of intensest cold seized him in every limb—not the mere chill of nervous terror, not the mere physical result of exposure to wind and rain, but a deadly freezing of every vein, a paralysis of every nerve, an appalling consciousness that in a few moments more the lungs must cease to play, and the heart to beat! Powerless to speak or stir, he closed his eyes, and believed that he was dying.

This strange faintness lasted but a few seconds. Gradually the vital warmth returned, and, with it, strength to close the window, and stagger to a chair. As he did so, he found the breast of his shirt all stiff and frozen, and the rain clinging in solid icicles upon his hair.

He looked at his watch. It had stopped at twenty minutes before twelve. He took his thermometer from the chimney-piece, and found the mercury at sixty-eight. Heavenly powers! How were these things possible in a temperature of sixty-eight degrees, and with a large fire blazing on the hearth?

He poured out half a tumbler of cognac, and drank it at a draught. Going to bed was out of the question. He felt that he dared not sleep—that he scarcely dared to think. All he could do was to change his linen, pile on more logs, wrap himself in his blankets, and sit all night in an easy-chair before the fire.

My brother had not long sat thus, however, before the warmth, and probably the nervous reaction, drew him off to sleep. In the morning he found himself lying on the bed, without being able to remember in the least how or when he reached it.

It was again a glorious day. The rain and wind were gone, and the Silverhorn at the end of the valley lifted its head into an unclouded sky. Looking out upon the sunshine, he almost doubted the events of the night, and but for the evidence of his watch, which still pointed to twenty minutes before twelve, would have been disposed to treat the whole matter as a dream. As it was, he attributed more than half his terrors to the promptings of an over-active and over-wearied brain. For all this, he still felt depressed and uneasy, and so very unwilling to pass another night at Lauterbrunnen, that he made up his mind to proceed that morning to Interlaken. While he was yet loitering over his breakfast, and considering whether he should walk the seven miles of road, or hire a vehicle, a char came rapidly up to the inn door, and a young man jumped out.

"Why, Battisto!" exclaimed my brother, in astonishment, as he came into the room; "what brings *you* here to-day? Where is Stefano?"

"I have left him at Interlaken, signor," replied the Italian.

Something there was in his voice, something in his face, both strange and startling.

"What is the matter?" asked my brother, breathlessly. "He is not ill? No accident has happened?"

Battisto shook his head, glanced furtively up and down the passage, and closed the door.

"Stefano is well, signor; but—but a circumstance has occurred—a circumstance so strange!—Signor, do you believe in spirits?"

"In spirits, Battisto?"

"Ay, signor; for if ever the spirit of any man, dead or living, appealed to human ears, the spirit of Christien came to me last night, at twenty minutes before twelve o'clock."

"At twenty minutes before twelve o'clock!" repeated my brother.

"I was in bed, signor, and Stefano was sleeping in the same room. I had gone up quite warm, and had fallen asleep, full of pleasant thoughts. By-and-by, although I had plenty of bed-clothes, and a rug over me as well, I woke, frozen with cold and scarcely able to breathe. I tried to call to Stefano; but I had no power to utter the slightest sound. I thought my last moment was come. All at once I heard a sound under the window—a sound which I knew to be Christien's musical box; and it played as it played when we lunched under the fir-trees, except that it was more wild and strange and melancholy and most solemn to hear—awful to hear! Then, signor, it grew fainter and fainter—and then it seemed to float past upon the wind, and die away. When it ceased, my frozen blood grew warm again, and I cried out to Stefano. When I told him what had happened, he declared I had been only dreaming. I made him strike a light, that I might look at my watch. It pointed to twenty minutes before twelve, and had stopped there; and—stranger still—Stefano's watch had done the very same. Now tell me, signor, do you believe that there is any meaning in this, or do you think, as Stefano persists in thinking, that it was all a dream?"

"What is your own conclusion, Battisto?"

"My conclusion, signor, is that some harm has happened to poor Christien on the glacier, and that his spirit came to me last night."

"Battisto, he shall have help if living, or rescue for his poor corpse if dead; for I, too, believe that all is not well."

And with this my brother told him briefly what had occurred to himself in the night; dispatched messengers for the three best guides in Lauterbrunnen; and prepared ropes, ice-hatchets, alpenstocks, and all such matters necessary for a glacier expedition. Hasten as he would, however, it was nearly mid-day before the party started.

Arriving in about half an hour at a place called Stechelberg, they left the char, in which they had traveled so far, at a châlet, and ascended a steep path in full view of the Breithorn glacier, which rose up to the left like a battlemented wall of solid ice. The way now lay for some time among pastures and pine-forests. Then they came to a little colony of châlets, called Steinberg, where they filled their water-bottles, got their ropes in readiness, and prepared for the Tschlingel glacier. A few minutes more and they were on the ice.

At this point the guides called a halt and consulted together. One was for striking across the lower glacier toward the left, and reaching the upper glacier by the rocks which bound it on the south. The other two preferred the north or right side; and this my brother finally took. The sun was now pouring down with almost tropical intensity, and the surface of the ice, which was broken into long, treacherous fissures, smooth as glass and blue as the summer sky, was both difficult and dangerous. Silently and cautiously they went, tied together at intervals of about three yards each: with two guides in front, and the third bringing up the rear. Turning presently to the right, they found themselves at the foot of a steep rock, some forty feet in height, up which they must climb to reach the upper glacier. The only way in which Battisto or my brother could hope to do this, was by the help of a rope steadied from below and above. Two of the guides accordingly clambered up the face of the crag by notches in the surface, and one remained below. The rope was then let down, and my brother prepared to go first. As he planted his foot in the first notch a smothered cry from Battisto arrested him.

"Santa Maria! Signor! Look yonder!"

My brother looked, and there (he ever afterward declared), as surely as there is a heaven above us all, he saw Christien Baumann standing in the full sunlight not a hundred yards distant! Almost in the same moment that my brother recognized him he was gone. He neither faded nor sank down nor moved away; but was simply gone as if he had never been. Pale as death, Battisto fell upon his knees and covered his face with his hands. My brother, awe-stricken and speechless, leaned against the rock, and felt that the object of his journey was but too fatally accomplished. As for the guides, they could not conceive what had happened.

"Did you see nothing?" asked my brother and Battisto, both together.

But the men had seen nothing, and the one who had remained below said, "What should I see but the ice and the sun?"

To this my brother made no other reply than by announcing his intention to have a certain crevasse, from which he had not once removed his eyes since he saw the figure standing on the brink, thoroughly explored before he went a step farther, whereupon the two men came down from the top of the crag, resumed the ropes, and followed my brother incredulously. At the narrow end of the fissure he paused, and drove his alpenstock firmly into the ice. It was an unusually long crevasse—at first a mere crack, but widening gradually as it went, and reaching down to unknown depths of dark deep blue, fringed with long pendent icicles like diamond stalactites. Before they had followed the course of this crevasse for more than ten minutes the youngest of the guides uttered a hasty exclamation.

"I see something!" cried he. "Something dark, wedged in the teeth of the crevasse, a great way down!"

They all saw it: a mere indistinguishable mass, almost closed over by the ice-walls at their feet. My brother offered a hundred francs to the man who would go down and bring it up. They all hesitated.

"We don't know what it is," said one.

"Perhaps it is only a dead chamois," suggeste another.

Their apathy enraged him.

"It is no chamois," he said, angrily. "It is the body of Christien Baumann, native of Kandersteg. And, by Heaven, if you are all too cowardly to make the attempt I will go down myself!"

The youngest guide threw off his hat and coat, tied a rope about his waist, and took a hatchet in his hand.

"I will go, monsieur," said he; and without another word suffered himself to be lowered in. My brother turned away. A sickening anxiety came upon him, and presently he heard the dull echo of the hatchet far down in the ice. Then there was a call for another rope, and then—the men all drew aside in silence, and my brother saw the youngest guide standing once more beside the chasm, flushed and trembling, with the body of Christien lying at his feet.

Poor Christien! They made a rough bier with their ropes and alpenstocks, and carried him, with great difficulty, back to Steinberg. There they got additional help as far as Stechelberg, where they laid him in the char, and so brought him on to Lauterbrunnen. The next day my brother made it his sad business to precede the body to Kandersteg, and prepare his friends for its arrival. To this day, though all these things happened thirty years ago, he can not bear to recall Marie's despair, or all the mourning that he innocently brought upon that peaceful valley. Poor Marie has been dead this many a year; and when my brother last passed through the Kander Thal on his way to the Ghemmi, he saw her grave, beside the grave of Christien Baumann, in the village burial-ground.—This is my brother's Ghost Story.

The chairman now announced that the clock declared the teetotum spun out, and that the meeting was dissolved. Yet even then the young fisherman could not refrain from once more asking his question. This occasioned the Gentlemen King Arthurs, as they got on their hats and great-coats, evidently to regard him as a young fisherman who was touched in his head, and some of them even cherished the idea that the captain was his keeper.

As no man dared to awake the mighty Parvis, it was resolved that a heavy member of the society should fall against him as it were by accident, and immediately withdraw to a safe distance. The experiment was so happily accomplished that Mr. Parvis started to his feet on the best terms with himself, as a light sleeper whose wits never left him, and who could always be broad awake on occasion. Quite an airy jocundity sat upon this respectable man in consequence; and he rallied the briskest member of the fraternity on being "a sleepy-head," with an amount of humor previously supposed to be quite incompatible with his responsible circumstances in life.

Gradually the society departed into the cold night, and the captain and his young companion were left alone. The captain had so refreshed himself by shaking hands with every body to an amazing extent that he was in no hurry to go to bed.

"To-morrow morning," said the captain, "we must find out the lawyer and the clergyman here; they are the people to consult on our business. And I'll be up and out early, and asking questions of every body I see; thereby propagating at least one of the Institutions of my native country."

As the captain was slapping his leg, the landlord appeared with two small candlesticks.

"Your room," said he, "is at the top of the house. An excellent bed, but you'll hear the wind."

"I've heerd it afore," replied the captain. "Come and make a passage with me, and *you* shall hear it."

"It's considered to blow here," said the landlord.

"Weather gets its young strength here," replied the captain; "goes into training for the Atlantic Ocean. Yours are little winds just beginning to feel their way and crawl. Make a voyage with me, and I'll show you a grown-up one out on business. But you haven't told my friend where he lies."

"It's the room at the head of the stairs, before you take the second staircase through the wall," returned the landlord. "You can't mistake it. It's a double-bedded room; because there's no other."

"The room where the sea-faring man is?" said the captain.

"The room where the sea-faring man is."

"I hope he mayn't finish telling his story in his sleep," remarked the captain. "Shall *I* turn into the room where the sea-faring man is, Alfred?"

"No, Captain Jorgan, why should you? There would be little fear of his waking me, even if he told his whole story out."

"He's in the bed nearest the door," said the landlord. "I've been in to look at him once, and he's sound enough. Good-night, gentlemen."

The captain immediately shook hands with the landlord in quite an enthusiastic manner, and having performed that national ceremony as if he had had no opportunity of performing it for a long time, accompanied his young friend up stairs.

"Something tells me," said the captain as they went, "that Miss Kitty Tregarthen's marriage ain't put off for long, and that we shall light on what we want."

"I hope so. When, do you think?"

"Wa'al, I couldn't just say when, but soon. Here's your room," said the captain, softly opening the door and looking in; "and here's the berth of the sea-faring man. I wonder what like he is. He breathes deep; don't he?"

"Sleeping like a child, to judge from the sound," said the young fisherman.

"Dreaming of home, maybe," returned the captain. "Can't see him. Sleeps a deal more wholesomely than Arson Parvis, but a'most as sound; don't he? Good-night, fellow-traveler."

"Good-night, Captain Jorgan, and many, many thanks!"

"I'll wait till I 'arn 'em, boy, afore I take 'em," returned the captain, clapping him cheerfully on the back. "Pleasant dreams of—you know who!"

When the young fisherman had closed the door, the captain waited a moment or two, listening for any stir on the part of the unknown sea-faring man. But none being audible, the captain pursued the way to his own chamber.

CHAPTER IV.—THE SEA-FARING MAN.

Who was the Sea-faring Man? And what might he have to say for himself? He answers those questions in his own words:

I begin by mentioning what happened on my journey northward, from Falmouth in Cornwall, to Steepways in Devonshire. I have no occasion to say (being here) that it brought me last night to Lanrean. I had business in hand which was part very serious, and part (as I hoped) very joyful—and this business, you will please to remember, was the cause of my journey.

After landing at Falmouth I traveled on foot; because of the expense of riding, and because I had anxieties heavy on my mind, and walking was the best way I knew of to lighten them. The first two days of my journey the weather was fine and soft, the wind being mostly light airs from south, and south and by west. On the third day I took a wrong turning, and had to fetch a long circuit to get right again. Toward evening, while I was still on the road, the wind shifted; and a sea-fog came rolling in on the land. I went on through, what I ask leave to call, the white darkness; keeping the sound of the sea on my left hand for a guide, and feeling those anxieties of mine before mentioned, pulling heavier and heavier at my mind, as the fog thickened and the wet trickled down my face.

It was still early in the evening, when I heard a dog bark, away in the distance, on the right-hand side of me. Following the sound as well as I could, and shouting to the dog, from time to time, to set him barking again, I stumbled up at last against the back of a house; and, hearing voices inside, groped my way round to the door,

and knocked on it smartly with the flat of my hand.

The door was opened by a slip-slop young hussey in a torn gown; and the first inquiries I made of her discovered to me that the house was an inn.

Before I could ask more questions the landlord opened the parlor of the inn and came out. A clamor of voices, and a fine comforting smell of fire and grog and tobacco came out, also, along with him.

"The tap-room fire's out," says the landlord. "You don't think you would dry more comfortable, like, if you went to bed?" says he, looking hard at me.

"No," says I, looking hard at *him*, "I don't."

Before more words were spoken a jolly voice hailed us from inside the parlor.

"What's the matter, landlord?" says the jolly voice. "Who is it?"

"A sea-faring man, by the looks of him," says the landlord, turning round from me, and speaking into the parlor.

"Let's have the sea-faring man in," says the voice. "Let's vote him free of the Club, for this night only."

A lot of other voices thereupon said, "Hear! hear!" in a solemn manner, as if it was church service. After which there was a hammering, as if it was a trunk-maker's shop. After which the landlord took me by the arm, gave me a push into the parlor, and there I was, free of the Club.

The change from the fog outside to the warm room and the shining candles so completely dazed me, that I stood blinking at the company more like an owl than a man. Upon which the company again said, "Hear! hear!" Upon which I returned for answer, "Hear! hear!"—considering those words to mean, in the Club's language, something similar to "How-d'ye-do." The landlord then took me to a round table by the fire, where I got my supper, together with the information that my bedroom, when I wanted it, was number four, up stairs.

I noticed before I fell to with my knife and fork that the room was full, and that the chairman at the top of the table was the man with the jolly voice, and was seemingly amusing the company by telling them a story. I paid more attention to my supper than to what he was saying; and all I can now report of it is, that his story-telling and my eating and drinking both came to an end together.

"Now," says the chairman, "I have told my story to start you all. Who comes next?" He took up a teetotum, and gave it a spin on the table. When it toppled over, it fell opposite me; upon which the chairman said, "It's your turn next. Order! order! I call on the sea-faring man to tell the second story!" He finished the words off with a knock of his hammer; and the Club (having nothing else to say, as I suppose) tried back, and once again sang out altogether, "Hear! hear!"

"I hope you will please to let me off," I said to the chairman, "for the reason that I have got no story to tell."

"No story to tell!" says he. "A sailor without a story! Who ever heard of such a thing? Nobody!"

"Nobody," says the Club, bursting out altogether at last with a new word, by way of a change.

I can't say I quite relished the chairman's talking of me as if I was before the mast. A man likes his true quality to be known, when he is publicly spoken to among a party of strangers. I made my true quality known to the chairman and company in these words:

"All men who follow the sea, gentlemen, are sailors," I said. "But there's degrees aboard ship as well as ashore. My rating, if you please, is the rating of a second mate."

"Ay, ay, surely?" says the chairman. "Where did you leave your ship?"

"At the bottom of the sea," I made answer—which was, I am sorry to say, only too true.

"What! you've been wrecked?" says he. "Tell us all about it. A shipwreck story is just the sort of story we like. Silence there all down the table!—silence for the second mate!"

The Club, upon this, instead of keeping silence, broke out vehemently with another new word, and said, "Chair!" After which every man suddenly held his peace, and looked at me.

I did a very foolish thing. Without stopping to take counsel with myself, I started off at score, and did just what the chairman had bidden me. If they had waited the whole night long for it, I should never have told them the story they wanted from me at first, having all my life been a wretched bad hand at such matters—for the reason, as I take it, that a story is bound to be something which is not true. But when I found the company willing, on a sudden, to put up with nothing better than the account of my shipwreck (which is not a story at all), the unexpected luck of being let off with only telling the truth about myself was too much of a temptation for me—so I up and told it.

I got on well enough with the storm, and the striking of the vessel, and the strange chance, afterward, which proved to be the saving of my life—the assembly all listening (to my great surprise) as if they had never heard any thing of the sort before. But when the necessity came next for going further than this, and for telling them what had happened to me *after* the saving of my life—or, to put it plainer, for telling them what place I was cast away on, and what company I was cast away in—the words died straight off on my lips. For this reason—namely—that those particulars of my statement made up just that part of it which I couldn't, and durstn't, let out to strangers—no, not if every man among them had offered me a hundred pounds apiece, on the spot, to do it!

"Go on!" says the chairman. "What happened next? How did you get on shore?"

Feeling what a fool I had been to run myself headlong into a scrape, for want of thinking before I spoke, I now cast about discreetly in my mind for the best means of finishing off-hand without letting out a word to the company concerning those particulars before mentioned. I was some little time before seeing my way to this; keeping the chairman and company, all the while, waiting for an answer. The Club, losing patience in consequence, got from staring hard at me to drumming with their feet, and then to calling out, lustily, "Go on! go on! Chair! Order!"—and such like. In the midst of this childish hubbub I saw my way to what I considered to be rather a neat finish—and got on my legs to ease them all off with it handsomely.

"Hear! hear!" says the Club. "He's going on again at last."

"Gentlemen!" I made answer, "with your permission I will now conclude by wishing you all good-night!" Saying which words, I gave them a friendly nod, to make things pleasant—and walked straight to the door. It's hardly to be believed—though nevertheless quite true—that these curious men all howled and groaned at me directly, as if I had done them some grievous injury. Thinking I would try to pacify them with their own favorite catch-word, I said, "Hear! hear!" as civilly as might be, whereupon they all returned for answer "Oh! oh!" I never belonged to a Club of any kind myself; and, after what I saw of *that* Club, I don't care if I never do.

My bedroom, when I found my way up to it, was large and airy enough, but not over-clean. There were two beds in it, not over-clean either. Both being empty, I had my choice. One was near the window, and one near the door. I thought the bed near the door looked a trifle the sweetest of the two, and took it.

After falling asleep, it was the gray of the morning before I woke. When I had fairly opened my eyes and shook up my memory into telling me where I was, I made two discoveries. First, that the room was a deal colder in the new morning than it had been overnight. Second, that the other bed near the window had got some one sleeping in it. Not that I could see the man from where I lay; but I heard his breathing plain enough. He must have come up into the room, of course, after I had fallen asleep—and he had tumbled himself quietly into bed without disturbing me. There was nothing wonderful in that; and nothing wonderful in the landlord letting the empty bed if he could find a customer for it. I turned and tried to go to sleep again; but I was out of sorts—out of sorts so badly, that even the breathing of the man in the other bed fretted and worried me. After tumbling and tossing for a quarter of an hour or more, I got up for a change; and walked softly in my stockings to the window to look at the morning.

The heavens were brightening into daylight, and the mists were blowing off, past the window, like puffs of smoke. When I got even with the second bed I stopped to look at the man in it. He lay, sound asleep, turned toward the window; and the end of the counterpane was drawn up over the lower half of his face. Something struck me, on a sudden, in his hair and his forehead; and, though not an inquisitive man by nature, I stretched out my hand to the end of the counterpane, in spite of myself.

I uncovered his face softly; and there, in the morning light, I saw my brother, Alfred Raybrock.

What I ought to have done, or what other men might have done in my place, I don't know. What I really did, was to drop back a step—to steady myself, with my hand, on the sill of the window—and to stand so, looking at him. Three years ago I had said good-by to my wife, to my little child, to my old mother, and to brother Alfred here, asleep under my eyes. For all those three years no news from me had reached them—and the underwriters, as I knew, must have long since reported that the ship I sailed in was lost, and that all hands on board had perished. My heart was heavy when I thought of my kindred at home, and of the weary time they must have waited and sorrowed before they gave me up for dead. Twice I reached out my hand to wake Alfred, and to ask him about my wife and my child; and twice I drew it back again, in fear of what might happen if he saw me, standing by his bed-head in the gray morning, like Hugh Raybrock risen up from the grave.

I drew my hand back the second time, and waited a minute. In that minute he woke. I had not moved, or spoken a word, or touched him—I had only looked at him longingly. If such things could be, I should say it was my looking that woke him. His eyes, when they opened under mine, passed on a sudden from fast asleep to broad awake. They first settled on my face with a startled look—which passed directly. He lifted himself on his elbow, and opened his lips to speak, but never said a word. His eyes strained and strained into mine; and his face turned all over of a ghastly white. "Alfred!" I said, "don't you know me?" There seemed to be a deadly terror pent up in him, and I thought my voice might set it free. I took fast hold of him by the hands, and spoke again. "Alfred!" I said—

Oh, sirs! where can a man like me find words to tell all that was said and all that was thought between us two brothers? Please to pardon my not saying more of it than I say here. We sat down together side by side. The poor lad burst out crying—and got vent that way. I kept my hold of his hands, and waited a bit before I spoke to him again. I think I was worst off now of the two—no tears came to help *me*—I haven't got my brother's quickness, any way; and my troubles have roughened and hardened me outside. But, God knows, I felt it keenly; all the more keenly, maybe, because I was slow to show it.

After a little, I put the questions to him which I had been longing to ask from the time when I first saw his face on the pillow. Had they all given me up at home for dead (I asked)? Yes; after long, long hoping, one by one they had given me up—my wife (God bless her!) last of all. I meant to ask next if my wife was alive and well; but, try as I might, I could only say "Margaret?"—and look hard in my brother's face. He knew what I meant. Yes (he said), she was living; she was at home; she was in her widow's weeds—poor soul! her widow's weeds! I got on better with my next question about the child. Was it born alive? Yes. Boy or girl? Girl. And living now; and much grown? Living, surely, and grown—poor little thing, what a question to ask!—grown of course, in three years! And mother? Well, mother was a trifle fallen away, and more silent within herself than she used to be—fretting at times; fretting (like my wife) on nights when the sea rose, and the windows shook and shivered in the wind. Thereupon my brother and I waited a bit again—I with my questions, and he with his answers—and while we waited, I thanked God, inwardly, with all my heart and soul, for bringing me back, living, to wife and kindred, while wife and kindred were living too.

My brother dried the tears off his face and looked at me a little. Then he turned aside suddenly, as if he remembered something, and stole his hand in a hurry under the pillow of his bed. Nothing came out from below the pillow but his black neck-handkerchief, which he now unfolded slowly, looking at me all the while with something strange in his face that I couldn't make out.

"What are you doing?" I asked him. "What are you looking at me like that for?"

Instead of making answer he took a crumpled morsel of paper out of his neck-handkerchief, opened it carefully, and held it to the light to let me see what it was. Lord in heaven!—my own writing—the morsel of paper I had committed, long, long since, to the mercy of the deep. Thousands and thousands of miles away I had trusted that Message to the waters—and here it was now, in my brother's hands! A chilly fear came over me at the seeing it again. Scrap of paper as it was, it looked to my eyes like the ghost of my own past self, gone home before me invisibly over the great wastes of the sea.

My brother pointed down solemnly to the writing.

"Hugh," he said, "were you in your right mind when you wrote those words?"

"Tell me, first," I made answer, "how and when the Message came to you. I can't quiet myself fit to talk till I know that."

He told me how the paper had come to hand—also how his good friend, the captain, having promised to help him, was then under the same roof with our two selves. But there he stopped. It was not till later in the day that I heard of what had happened (through this dreadful doubt about the money) in the matter of his sweet-heart and his marriage.

The knowledge that the Message had reached him by mortal means—on the word of a seaman, I half doubted it when I first set eyes on the paper!—eased me in my mind; and I now did my best to quiet Alfred, in my turn. I told him that I was in my right senses, though sorely troubled, when my hand had written those words. Also, that where the writing was rubbed out, I could tell him, for his necessary guidance and mine, what once stood in the empty places. Also, that I knew no more what the real truth might be than he did, till inquiry was made, and the slander on father's good name was dragged boldly into daylight to show itself for what it was worth. Lastly, that all the voyage home there was one hope and one determination uppermost in my mind—the hope that I might get safe to England, and find my wife and kindred alive to take me back among them again—the determination that I would put the doubt about father's five hundred pound to the proof, if ever my feet touched English land once more.

"Come out with me now, Alfred," I said, after winding up as above, "and let me tell you in the quiet of the morning how that Message came to be written and committed to the sea."

We went down stairs softly, and let ourselves out without disturbing any one. The sun was just rising when we left the village and took our way slowly over the cliffs. As soon as the sea began to open on us I returned to that true story of mine which I had left but half told the night before—and this time I went through with it to the end.

I shipped, as you may remember (were my first words to Alfred), in a second mate's berth, on board the *Peruvian*, nine hundred tons' burden. We carried an assorted cargo, and we were bound, round the Horn, to Truxillo and Guayaquil, on the western coast of South America. From this last port—namely, Guayaquil—we were to go back to Truxillo, and there to take in another cargo for the return voyage. Those were all the instructions communicated to me when I signed articles with the owners, in London city, three years ago.

After we had been, I think, a week at sea, I heard from the first mate—who had himself heard it from the captain—that the supercargo we were taking with us, on the outward voyage, was to be left at Truxillo, and that another supercargo (also connected with our firm, and latterly employed by them as their foreign agent) was to ship with us at that port for the voyage home. His name on the captain's instructions was, Mr. Lawrence Clissold. None of us had ever set eyes on him to our knowledge, and none of us knew more about him than what I have told you here.

We had a wonderful voyage out—especially round the Horn. I never before saw such fair weather in that infernal latitude, and I never expect to see the like again. We followed our instructions to the letter; discharging our cargo in fine condition, and returning to Truxillo to load again as directed. At this place I was so unfortunate as to be seized with the fever of the country, which laid me on my back, while we were in harbor; and which only let me return to my duty after we had been ten days at sea, on the voyage home again. For this reason, the first morning when I was able to get on deck was also the first time of my setting eyes on our new supercargo, Mr. Lawrence Clissold.

I found him to be a long, lean, wiry man, with some complaint in his eyes which forced him to wear spectacles of blue glass. His age appeared to be fifty-six, or thereabouts; but he might well have been more. There was not above a handful of gray hair, altogether, on his bald head—and, as for the wrinkles at the corners of his eyes and the sides of his mouth, if he could have had a pound apiece in his pocket for every one of them, he might have retired from business from that time forth. Judging by certain signs in his face, and by a suspicious morning-tremble in his hands, I set him down, in my own mind (rightly enough, as it afterwards turned out), for a drinker. In one word, I didn't like the looks of the new supercargo—and, on the first day when I got on deck, I found that he had reasons of his own for paying me back in my own coin, and not liking *my* looks, either.

"I've been asking the captain about you," were his first words to me in return for my civilly wishing him good-morning. "Your name's Raybrock, I hear. Are you any relation to the late Hugh Raybrock, of Barnstaple, Devonshire?"

"Rather a near relation," I made answer. "I am the late Hugh Raybrock's eldest son."

There was no telling how his eyes looked, because they were hidden by his blue spectacles—but I saw him wince at the mouth when I gave him that reply.

"Your father ended by failing in business, didn't he?" was the next question the supercargo put to me.

"Who told you he failed?" I asked, sharply enough.

"Oh! I heard it," says Mr. Lawrence Clissold, both looking and speaking as if he was glad to have heard it, and he hoped it was true.

"Whoever told you my father failed in business told you a lie," I said. "His business fell off toward the last years of his life—I don't deny it. But every creditor he had was honestly paid at his death, without so much as touching the provision left for his widow and children. Please to mention that next time you hear it reported that my father failed in business."

Mr. Clissold grinned to himself—and I lost my temper.

"I'll tell you what," I said to him, "I don't like your laughing to yourself when I ask you to do justice to my father's memory—and, what is more, I didn't like the way you mentioned that report of his failing in business, just now. You looked as if you hoped it was true."

"Perhaps I did," says Mr. Clissold, coolly. "Shall I tell you why? When I was a young man I was unlucky enough to owe your father some money. He was a merciless creditor; and he threatened me with a prison if the debt remained unpaid on the day when it was due. I have never forgotten that circumstance; and I should certainly not have been sorry if your father's creditors had given him a lesson in forbearance, by treating him as harshly as he once treated me."

"My father had a right to ask for his own," I broke out. "If you owed him the money and didn't pay it—"

"I never told you I didn't pay it," says Mr. Clissold, as coolly as ever.

"Well, if you did pay it," I put in, "then, you didn't go to prison—and you have no cause of complaint now. My father wronged nobody; and I won't believe he ever wronged *you*. He was a just man in all his dealings; and whoever tells me to the contrary—!"

"That will do," says Mr. Clissold, backing away to the cabin stairs. "You seem to have not quite got over your fever yet. I'll leave you to air yourself in the sea-breezes, Mr. Second Mate; and I'll receive your excuses when you are cool enough to make them."

"It is a son's business to defend his father's character," I answered; "and, cool or hot, I'll leave the ship sooner than ask your pardon for doing my duty!"

"You *will* leave the ship," says the supercargo, quietly going down into the cabin. "You will leave at the next port, if I have any interest with the captain."

That was how Mr. Clissold and I scraped acquaintance on the first day when we met together! And as we began, so we went on to the end. But though he persecuted me in almost every other way, he did not anger me again about father's affairs: he seemed to have dropped talking of them at once and forever. On my side I nevertheless bore in mind what he had said to me, and determined, if I got home safe, to go to the lawyer at Barnstaple who keeps father's old books and letters for us, and see what information they might give on the subject of Mr. Lawrence Clissold. I, myself, had never heard his name mentioned at home—father (as you know, Alfred) being always close about business-matters, and mother never troubling him with idle questions about his affairs. But it was likely enough that he and Mr. Clissold might have been concerned in money-matters, in past years, and that Mr. Clissold might have tried to cheat him, and failed. I rather hoped it might prove to be so—for the truth is, the supercargo provoked me past all endurance, and I hated him as heartily as he hated me.

All this while the ship was making such a speedy voyage down the coast that we began to think we were carrying back with us the fine weather we had brought out. But on nearing Cape Horn the signs and tokens appeared which told us that our run of luck was at an end. Down went the barometer, lower and lower; and up got the wind, in the northerly quarter, higher and higher. This happened toward nightfall—and at daybreak next day we found ourselves forced to lay to. It blew all that day and all that night; toward noon the next day it lulled a little, and we made sail again. But at sunset the heavens grew blacker than ever, and the wind returned upon us with double and treble fury. The *Peruvian* was a fine, stout, roomy ship, but the unhandiest vessel at laying-to I ever sailed in. After taking tons of water on board and losing our best boat, we had nothing left for it but to turn tail and scud for our lives. For the next three days and nights we ran before the wind. The gale moderated more than once in that time, but there was such a sea on that we durstn't heave the ship to. From the beginning of the gale none of us of-

ficers had a chance of taking any observations. We only knew that the wind was driving us as hard as we could go in a southerly direction, and that we were by this time hundreds of miles out of the ordinary course of ships in doubling the Cape.

On the third night—or rather, I should say, early on the fourth morning—I went below, dead beat, to get a little rest, leaving the vessel in charge of the captain and the first mate. The night was then pitch-black—it was raining, hailing, and sleeting, all at once—and the *Peruvian* was wallowing in the frightful seas, as if she meant to roll the masts out of her. I tumbled into bed the instant my wet oil-skins were off my back, and slept as only a man can who lays himself down dead beat.

I was woke—how long afterward I don't know—by being pitched clean out of my berth on to the cabin floor; and at the same moment I heard the crash of the ship's timbers, forward, which told me it was all over with us.

Though bruised and shaken by my fall I was on deck directly. Before I had taken two steps forward the *Peruvian* forged ahead on the send of the sea, swung round a little, and struck heavily at the bows for the second time. The shrouds of the foremast cracked one after another, like pistol-shots, and the mast went overboard. I next felt our people go tearing past me, in the black darkness, to the lee-side of the vessel; and I knew that in their last extremity they were taking to the boats. I say I *felt* them go past me, because the roaring of the sea and the howling of the wind deafened me, on deck, as completely as the darkness blinded me. I myself no more believed the boats would live in the sea than I believed the ship would hold together on the reef—but as the rest were running the risk, I made up my mind to run it with them.

But before I followed the crew to leeward I went below again for a minute—not to save money or clothes, for, with death staring me in the face, neither were of any account now—but to get my little writing-case which mother had given me at parting. A curl of Margaret's hair was in the pocket inside it, with all the letters she had sent me when I had been away on other voyages. If I saved any thing I was resolved to save this—and if I died, I would die with it about me.

My locker was jammed with the wrenching of the ship, and had to be broken open. I was, maybe, longer over this job than I myself supposed. At any rate, when I got on deck again with my case in my breast, it was useless calling, and useless groping about. The largest of the two boats, when I felt for it, was gone; and every soul on board was beyond a doubt gone with her.

Before I had time to think I was thrown off my feet by another sea coming on board, and a great heave of the vessel which drove her farther over the reef, and canted the after-part of her up like the roof of a house. In that position the stern stuck, wedged fast into the rocks beneath, while the fore-part of the ship was all to pieces and down under water. If the after-part kept the place it was now jammed in till daylight there might be a chance, but if the sea wrenched it out from between the rocks there was an end of me. After straining my eyes to discover if there was land beyond the reef, and seeing nothing but the flash of the breakers, like white fire in the darkness, I crawled below again to the shelter of the cabin stairs and waited for death or daylight.

As the morning hours wore on the weather moderated again, and the after-part of the vessel, though shaken often, was not shaken out of its place. A little before dawn the winds and the waves, though fierce enough still, allowed me at last to hear something besides themselves. What I did hear, crouched up in my dark corner, was a heavy thumping and grinding, every now and then, against the side of the ship to windward. Day broke soon afterward, and when I climbed to the deck I clawed my way up to windward first to see what the noise was caused by.

My first look over the bulwark showed me that it was caused by the boat which my unfortunate brother officers and the crew had launched and gone away in when the ship struck. The boat was bottom upward, thumping against the ship's side on the lift of the sea. I wanted no second look at it to tell me that every mother's son of them was drowned.

The main and mizen masts still stood. I got into the mizen rigging to look out next to leeward—and there, in the blessed daylight, I saw a low, green, rocky little island, lying away beyond the reef, barely a mile distant from the ship! My life began to look of some small value to me again when I saw land. I got higher up in the rigging to note how the current set, and where there might be a passage through the reef. The ship had driven over the rocks through the worst of the surf, and the sea between myself and the island, though angry and broken in places, was not too high for a lost man like me to venture on—provided I could launch the last and smallest boat still left in the vessel. I noted carefully the likeliest-looking channel for trying the experiment, and then got down on deck again to see what I could do, first of all, with the boat.

At the moment when my feet touched the deck I heard a dull knocking and banging just under them, in the region of the cabin. When the sound first reached my ears I got such a shock of surprise that I could neither move or speak. It had never yet crossed my mind that a single soul was left in the vessel besides myself—but now, there was something in the knocking noise which started the hope in me that I was not alone. I shook myself up, and got down below directly.

The noise came from inside one of the sleeping berths, on the far side of the main cabin; the door of which was jammed, no doubt, just as my locker had been jammed, by the wrenching of the ship. "Who's there?" I called out. A faint, muffled kind of voice answered something through the air-grating in the upper part of the door. I got up on the overthrown cabin furniture; and, looking in through the trellis-work of the grating, found myself face to face with the blue spectacles of Mr. Lawrence Clissold, looking out!

God forgive me for thinking it—but there was not a man in the vessel I wouldn't sooner have found alive in her than Mr. Clissold! Of all that ship's company, we two, who were least friendly together, were the only two saved.

I had a better chance of breaking out the jammed door from the main cabin than he had from the berth inside; and in less than five minutes he was set free. I had smelled spirits already through the air-grating—and now, when he and I stood face to face, I saw what the smell meant. There was an open case of spirits by the bedside—two of the bottles out of it were lying broken on the floor—and Mr. Clissold was drunk.

"What's the matter with the ship?" says he, looking fierce, and speaking thick.

"You shall see for yourself," says I. With which words I took hold of him, and pulled him after me up the cabin stairs. I reckoned on the sight that would meet him, when he first looked over the deck, to sober his drunken brains—and I reckoned right: he fell on his knees, stock-still and speechless as if he was turned to stone.

I lashed him up safe to the cabin rail, and left it to the air to bring him round. He had, likely enough, been drinking in the sleeping berth for days together—for none of us, as I now remembered, had seen him since the gale set in—and even if he had had sense enough to try to get out, or to call for help, when the ship struck, he would not have made himself heard in the noise and confusion of that awful time. But for the lull in the weather I should not have heard him myself when he attempted to get free in the morning. Enemy of mine as he was, he had a pair of arms—and he was worth untold gold, in my situation, for that reason. With the help I could make him give me, there was no doubt now about launching the boat. In half an hour I had the means ready for trying the experiment; and Mr. Clissold was sober enough to see that his life depended on his doing what I told him.

The sky looked angry still—there was no opening any where—and the clouds were slowly banking up again to windward. The supercargo knew what I meant when I pointed that way, and worked with a will when I gave him the word. I had previously stowed away in the boat such stores of meat, biscuit, and fresh water as I could readily lay hands on; together with a compass, a lantern, a few candles, and some boxes of matches in my pocket, to kindle light and fire with. At the last moment I thought of a gun and some powder and shot. The powder and shot I found, and an old flint pocket-pistol in the captain's cabin—with which, for fear of wasting precious time, I was forced to be content. The pistol lay on the top of the medicine-chest—and I took that also, finding it handy, and not knowing but what it might be of use. Having made these preparations, we launched the boat, down the steep of the deck, into the water over the forward part of the ship which was sunk. I took the oars, ordering Mr. Clissold to sit still in the stern-sheets, and pulled for the island.

It was neck or nothing with us more than once, before we were two hundred yards from the ship. Luckily, the supercargo was used to boats; and muddled as he still was, he had sense enough to sit quiet. We found our way into the smooth channel which I had noted from the mizen-rigging—after which, it was easy enough to get ashore.

We landed on a little sandy creek. From the time of our leaving the ship the supercargo had not spoken a word to me, nor I to him. I now told him to lend a hand in getting the stores out of the boat, and in helping me to carry them to the first sheltered place we could find in shore on the island. He shook himself up with a sulky look at me, and did as I had bidden him. We found a little dip or dell in the ground, after getting up the low sides of the island, which was sheltered to windward—and here I left him to stow away the stores while I walked farther on to survey the place.

According to the hasty judgment I formed at the time the island was not a mile across, and not much more than three miles round. I noted nothing in the way of food but a few wild roots and vegetables, growing in ragged patches amidst the thick scrub which covered the place. There was not a tree on it any where; nor any living creatures; nor any signs of fresh water that I could see. Standing on the highest ground, I looked about anxiously for other islands that might be inhabited; there were none visible—at least none in the hazy state of the heavens that morning. When I fairly discovered what a desert the place was; when I remembered how far it lay out of the track of ships; and when I thought of the small store of provisions which we had brought with us, the doubt lest we might only have changed the chance of death by drowning for the chance of death by starvation was so strong in me, that I determined to go back to the boat, with the desperate notion of making another trip to the vessel for water and food. I say desperate, because the clouds to windward were banking up blacker and higher every minute. The wind was freshening already, and there was every sign of the storm coming on again wilder and fiercer than ever.

Mr. Clissold, when I passed him on my way back to the beach, had got the stores pretty tidy, covered with the tarpaulin which I had thrown over them in the bottom of the boat. Just as I looked down at him in the hollow, I saw him take a bottle of spirits out of the pocket of his pilot-coat. He must have stowed the bottle away there, as I suppose, while I was breaking open the door of his berth. "You'll be drowned, and I shall have double allowance to live upon here," was all he said to me when he heard I was going back to the ship. "Yes! and die, in your turn, when you've got through it," says I, going away to the boat. It's shocking to think of now—but we couldn't be civil to each other, even on the first day when we were wrecked together!

Having previously stripped to my trowsers, in case of accident, I now pulled out. On getting from the channel into the broken water again, I looked over my shoulder to windward, and saw that I was too late. It was coming!—the ship was hidden already in the horrible haze of it. I got the boat's head round to pull back—and I did pull back, just inside the opening in the reef which made the mouth of the channel—when the storm came down on me like death and judgment. The boat filled in an instant, and I was tossed head over heels into the water. The sea, which burst into raging surf upon the rocks on either side, rushed in one great roller up the deep channel between them, and took me with it. If the undertow afterward had lasted for half a minute, I should have been carried into the white water, and lost. But a second roller followed the first, almost on the instant, and swept me right up on the beach. I had just strength enough to dig my arms and legs well into the wet sand; and though I was taken back with the backward shift of it, I was not taken into deep water again. Before the third roller came I was out of its reach, and was down in a sort of swoon on the dry sand.

When I got back to the hollow, in shore, where I had left my clothes under shelter with the stores, I found Mr. Clissold snugly crouched up, in the dryest place, with the tarpaulin to cover him. "Oh!" says he, in a state of great surprise, "you're not drowned?" "No," says I; "you won't get your double allowance after all." "How much shall I get?" says he, rousing up and looking anxious. "Your fair half share of what is here," I answered him. "And how long will that last me?" says he. "The food, if you have sense enough to eke it out with what you may find in this miserable place, barely three weeks," says I; "and the water (if you ever drink any) about a fortnight." At hearing that, he took the bottle out of his pocket again, and put it to his lips. "I'm cold to the bones," says I, frowning at him for a drop. "And I'm warm to the marrow," says he, chuckling, and handing me the bottle empty. I pitched it away at once—or the temptation to break it over his head might have been too much for me—I pitched it away, and looked into the medicine-chest to see if there was a drop of peppermint, or any thing comforting of that sort, inside. Only three physic bottles were left in it, all three being neatly tied over with oil-skin. One of them held a strong white liquor, smelling like hartshorn. The other two were filled with stuff in powder, having the names in printed gibberish pasted outside. On looking a little closer, I found, under some broken divisions of the chest, a small flask covered with wicker-work. "Ginger-Brandy" was written with pen and ink on the wicker-work, and the flask was full! I think that blessed discovery saved me from shivering myself to pieces. After a pull at the flask which made a new man of me, I put it away in my inside breast-pocket; Mr. Clissold watching me with greedy eyes, but saying nothing.

All this while the rain was rushing, the wind roaring, and the sea crashing, as if Noah's Flood had come again. I sat close against the supercargo, because he was in the dryest place, and pulled my fair share of the tarpaulin away from him, whether he liked it or not. He by no means liked it; being in that sort of half-drunken, half-sober state (after finishing his bottle), in which a man's temper is most easily upset by trifles. The upset of *his* temper showed itself in the way of small aggravations—of which I took no notice, till he suddenly bethought himself of angering me by going back again to that dispute about father, which had bred ill-blood between us on the day when we first saw each other. If he had been a younger man, I am afraid I should have stopped him by a punch on the head. As it was, considering his age and the shame of this quarreling betwixt us when we were both cast away together, I only warned him that I *might* punch his head if he went on. It did just as well—and I'm glad now to think that it did.

We were huddled so close together that when he coiled himself up to sleep (with a growl), and when he did go to sleep (with a grunt), he growled and grunted into my ear. His rest, like the rest of all the regular drunkards I have ever met with, was broken. He ground his teeth, and talked in his sleep. Among the words he mumbled to himself I heard as plain as could be father's name. This vexed, but did not surprise me, seeing that he had been talking of father before he dropped off. But when I made out next, among his mutterings and mumblings, the words "five hundred pound," spoken over and over again, with father's name, now before, now after, now mixed in along with them, I got curious, and listened for more. My listening (and serve me right, you will say) came to nothing: he certainly talked on, but I couldn't make out a word more that he said.

When he woke up, I told him plainly he had been talking in his sleep—and mightily taken aback he looked when he first heard it. "What about?" says he. I made answer, "My father, and five hundred pound; and how do you come to couple them together, I should like to know?" "I couldn't have coupled them," says he, in a great hurry; "what do I know about it? I don't believe a man like your father ever had such a sum of money as that in all his life." "Don't you?" says I, feeling the aggravation of him, in spite of myself; "I can just tell you my father had such a sum when he was no older a man than I am—and saved it—and left it for a provision, in his will, to my mother, who has got it now—and, I say again, how came a stranger like you to be talking of it in your sleep?" At hearing this, he went about on the other tack directly. "Was that all your father left after his debts were paid?" says he. "Are you very curious to know?" says I. He took no notice—he only persisted with his question. "Was it just five hundred pound, no more and no less?" says he. "Suppose it was," says I; "what then?" "Oh nothing!" says he, and turns sharp round from me and chuckles to himself. "You're drunk!" says I. "Yes," says he; "that's it—stick to that—I'm drunk"—and he chuckles again. Try as I might, and threaten as I might, not another word on the matter of the five hundred pound could I get from him. I bore it well in mind, though, for all that—it being one of my slow ways not easily to forget any thing that has once surprised me, and not to give up returning to it over and over again as time and occasion may serve for the purpose.

The hours wore on, and the storm raged on. We had our half rations of food when hunger took us (I being much the hungrier of the two); and slept, and grumbled, and quarreled the weary time out somehow. Toward dusk the wind lessened, and when I got up out of the hollow to look out there was a faint watery break in the western heavens. At times, through the watches of the long night, the stars showed in patches for a little while through the rents that opened and closed by fits in the black sky. When I fell asleep toward the dawning the wind had fallen to a moan, though the sea, slower to go down, sounded as loud as ever. From what I could make of the weather, the storm had by that time as good as blown itself out.

I had been wise enough (knowing who was near me) to lay myself down, whenever I slept, on the side of me which was next to the flask of ginger-brandy stowed away in my breast-pocket. When I woke at sunrise it was the supercargo's hand that roused me up, trying to steal my flask while I was asleep. I rolled him over headlong among the stores—out of which I had the humanity to pull him again with my own hands.

"I'll tell you what," says I, "if us two keep company any longer we sha'n't get on smoothly together. You're the oldest man; and you stop here, where we know there is shelter. We will divide the stores fairly, and I'll go and shift for myself at the other end of the island. Do you agree to that?"

"Yes," says he; "and the sooner the better."

I left him for a minute, and went away to look out on the reef that had wrecked us. The splinters of the *Peruvian*, scattered broadcast over the beach, or tossing up and down darkly, far out in the white surf, were all that remained to tell of the ship. I don't deny that my heart sank when I looked at the place where she struck, and saw nothing before me but sea and sky.

But what was the use of standing and looking? It was a deal better to rouse myself by doing something. I returned to Mr. Clissold—and then and there divided the stores into two equal parts, including every thing down to the matches in my pocket. Of these parts I gave him first choice. I also left him the whole of the tarpaulin to himself, keeping in my own possession the medicine-chest and the pistol; which last I loaded with powder and shot, in case any sea-birds might fly within reach. When the division was made, and when I had moved my part out of his way and out of his sight, I thought it uncivil to bear malice any longer, now that we had agreed to separate. We were cast away on a desert island, and we had death, as well as I could see, within about three weeks' hail of us; but that was no reason for not making things reasonably pleasant as long as we could. I was some time (in consequence of my natural slowness where matters of sea-faring duty don't happen to be concerned) before I came to this conclusion. When I did come to it, I acted on it.

"Shake hands before parting," I said, suiting the action to the word.

"No!" says he; "I don't like you."

"Please yourself," says I; and so we parted.

Turning my back on the west, which was his territory according to agreement, I walked away toward the southeast, where the sides of the island rose highest. Here I found a sort of half rift, half cavern, in the rocky banks, which looked as likely a place as any other; and to this refuge I moved my share of the stores. I thatched it over as well as I could with scrub, and heaped up some loose stones at the mouth of it. At home in England I should have been ashamed to put my dog in such a place; but when a man believes his days to be numbered he is not over-particular about his lodgings, and I was not over-particular about mine.

When my work was done the heavens were fair, the sun was shining, and it was long past noon. I went up again to the high ground, to see what I could make out in the new clearness of the air. North, east, and west there was nothing but sea and sky; but south I now saw land. It was high, and looked to be a matter of seven or eight miles off. Island or not, it must have been of a good size for me to see it as I did. Known or not known to mariners, it was certainly big enough to have living creatures on it—animals or men, or both. If I had not lost the boat in my second attempt to reach the vessel we might have easily got to it. But situated as we were now, with no wood to make a boat of but the scattered splinters from the ship, and with no tools to use even that much, there might just as well have been no land in sight at all, so far as we were concerned. The poor hope of a ship coming our road was still the only hope left. To give us all the little chance we might get that way, I now looked about on the beach for the longest morsel of a wrecked spar that I could find, planted it on the high ground, and rigged up to it the one shirt I had on my back for a signal. While coming and going on this job, I noted with great joy that rain water enough lay in the hollows of the rocks above the sea-line to save our small store of fresh water for a week at least. Thinking it only fair to the supercargo to let him know what I had found out, I went to his territories, after setting up the morsel of a spar, and discreetly shouted my news down to him without showing myself. "Keep to your own side!" was all the thanks I got for this piece of civility. I went back to my own side immediately, and crawled into my little cavern, quite content to be alone. On that first night, strange as it seems now, I once or twice nearly caught myself feeling happy at the thought of being rid of Mr. Lawrence Clissold.

According to my calculations—which were made

by tying a fresh knot every morning in a piece of marline—we two men were just a week, each on his own side of the island, without seeing or communicating, any how, with one another. The first half of the week I had enough to do with cudgeling my brains for a means of helping ourselves to keep my mind steady.

I thought first of picking up all the longest bits of spars that had been cast ashore, lashing them together with ropes twisted out of the long grass on the island, and trusting to raft-navigation to get to that high land away in the south. But when I looked among the spars, there were not half a dozen of them left whole enough for the purpose. And even if there had been more, the short allowance of food would not have given me time sufficient, or strength sufficient, to gather the grass, to twist it into ropes, and to lash a raft together big enough and strong enough for us two men. There was nothing to be done but to give up this notion—and I gave it up. The next chance I thought of was to keep a fire burning on the shore every night, with the wood of the wreck, in case vessels at sea might notice it on one side—or the people of the high land in the south (if the distance was not too great) might notice it on the other. There was sense in this notion, and it could be turned to account the moment the wood was dry enough to burn. The wood got dry enough before the week was out. Whether it was the end of the stormy season in those latitudes, or whether it was only the shifting of the wind to the west, I don't know—but now, day after day, the heavens were clear, and the sun shone scorching hot. The scrub on the island (which was of no great account) dried up—but the fresh water in the hollows of the rocks (which was, on the other hand, a serious business) dried up too. Troubles seldom come alone; and on the day when I made this discovery I also found out that I had calculated wrong about the food. Eke it out as I might, with scurvy grass and roots, there would not be above eight days more of it left when the first week was past—and as for the fresh water, half a pint a day, unless more rain fell, would leave me at the end of my store, as nearly as I could guess, about the same time.

This was a bad look-out—but I don't think the prospect of it upset me in my mind so much as the having nothing to do. Except for the gathering of the wood, and the lighting of the signal-fire every night, I had no work at all toward the end of the week to keep me steady. I checked myself in thinking much about home, for fear of losing heart, and not holding out to the last, as became a man. For the same reasons I likewise kept my mind from raising hopes of help in me which were not likely to come true. What else was there to think about? Nothing but the man on the other side of the island—and be hanged to him!

I thought about those words I heard him say in his sleep; I thought about how he was getting on by himself; how he liked nothing but water to drink, and little enough of that; how he was eking out his food; whether he slept much or not; whether he saw the smoke of my fire at night or not; whether he held up better or worse than I did; whether he would be glad to see me if I went to him to make it up; whether he or I would die first; whether, if it was me, he would do for me what I would have done for him—namely, bury him, with the last strength I had left. All these things, and lots more, kept coming and going in my mind, till I could stand it no longer. On the morning of the eighth day I roused up to go to his territories, feeling it would do me good to see him and hear him, even if we quarreled again the instant we set eyes on each other.

I climbed up to the grassy ground—and, when I got there, what should I see but the supercargo himself coming to *my* territories, and wandering up and down in the scrub through not knowing where to find them!

It almost knocked me over, when we met, the man was changed so. He looked eighty years old; the little flesh he had on his miserable face hung baggy; his blue spectacles had dropped down on his nose, and his eyes showed over them wild and red-rimmed; his lips were black; his legs staggered under him. He came up to me with his eyes all of a glare, and put both his hands on my breast, just over the pocket in which I kept that flask of ginger-brandy which he had tried to steal from me.

"Have you got any of it left?" says he, in a whisper.

"About two mouthfuls," says I.

"Give us one of them, for God's sake," says he.

Giving him one of those mouthfuls was just about equal to giving him a day of my life. In the case of a man I liked, I would not have thought twice about giving it. In the case of Mr. Clissold I did think twice. I would have been a better Christian if I could—but just then I couldn't.

He thought I was going to say No. His eyes got cunning directly. He reached his hands to my shoulders, and whispered these words in my ear:

"I'll tell you what I know about the five hundred pound if you'll give me a drop."

I determined to give it to him, and pulled out the flask. I took his hand, and poured the drop into the hollow of it, and held it for a moment.

"Tell me first," I said, "and drink afterward."

He looked all round him, as if he thought there were people on the island to hear us. "Hush!" he said; "let's whisper about it." The next question and answer that passed between us was louder than before on my side, and softer than ever on his. This was the question:

"What do you know about the five hundred pound?"

And this was the answer:

"It's *Sto'en Money!*"

My hand dropped away from his as if he had shot me. He instantly fastened on the drop of liquor in the hollow of his hand, like a hungry wild beast on a bone, and then looked up for more. Something in my face (God knows what) seemed suddenly to frighten him out of his life. Before I could stir a step, or get a word out, down he dropped on his knees, whining and whimpering in the high grass at my feet.

"Don't kill me!" says he; "I'm dying—I'll think of my poor soul. I'll repent while there's time—"

Beginning in that way, he maundered awfully, groveling down in the grass; asking me every other minute for "a drop more, and a drop more;" and talking as if he thought we were both in England. Out of his wanderings, his beseechings for another drop, and his miserable beggar's-petitions for his "poor soul," I gathered together these words—the same which I wrote down on the morsel of paper, and of which nine parts out of ten are now rubbed off!

The first I made out—though not the first he said—was that some one, whom he spoke of as "the old man," was alive; and "Lanrean" was the place he lived in. I was to go there, and ask, among the old men, for "Tregarthen—"

(At the mention by me of the name of Tregarthen, my brother, to my great surprise, stopped me with a start; made me say the name over more than once; and then, for the first time, told me of the trouble about his sweet-heart and his marriage. We waited a little to talk that matter over, after which I went on again with my story, in these words:)

Well, as I made out from Clissold's wanderings, I was to go to Lanrean, to ask among the old men for Tregarthen, and to say to Tregarthen, "Clissold was the man. Clissold bore no malice: Clissold repented like a Christian, for the sake of his poor soul." No! I was to say something else to Tregarthen. I was to say, "Look among the books; look at the leaf you know of, and see for yourself it's not the right leaf to be there." No! I was to say something else to Tregarthen. I was to say, "The right leaf is hidden, not burned. Clissold had time for every thing else, but no time to burn that leaf. Tregarthen came in when he had got the candle lit to burn it. There was just time to let it drop from under his hand into the great crack in the desk, and then he was ordered abroad by the House, and there was no chance of doing more." No! I was to say none of these things to Tregarthen. Only this, instead: "Look in Clissold's desk—and, if you blame any body, blame miser Raybrock for driving him to it." And oh, another drop—for the Lord's sake, give him another drop!

So he went on, over and over again, till I found voice enough to speak and stop him.

"Get up and go!" I said to the miserable wretch. "Get back to your own side of the island, or I may do you a mischief, in spite of my own self."

"Give me the other drop and I will," was all the answer I could get from him.

I threw him the flask. He pounced upon it with a howl. I turned my back—for I could look at him no longer—and climbed down again to my cavern on the beach.

I sat down alone on the sand, and tried to quiet myself fit to think about what I had heard. That father could ever have willfully done any thing unbecoming his character as an honest man was what I wouldn't believe, in the first place. And that the wretched brute I had just parted from was in his right senses, was what I wouldn't believe, in the second place. What I had myself seen of drinkers, at sea and ashore, helped me to understand the condition into which he had fallen. I knew that when a man who has been a drunkard for years is suddenly cut off his drink he drops to pieces like, body and mind, for the want of it. I had also heard ship-doctors talk, by some name of their own, of a drink-madness, which we ignorant men call the Horrors. And I made it out, easy enough, that I had seen the supercargo in the first of these conditions; and that if we both lived long enough without help coming to us, I might soon see him in the second. But when I tried to get farther, and settle how much of what I had heard was wanderings and how much truth, and what it meant if any of it was truth, my slowness got in my way again; and where a quicker man might have made up his mind in an hour or two, I was all day, in sore distress, making up mine. The upshot of what I settled with myself was, in two words, this: Having mother's writing-case handy about me, I determined first to set down, for my own self's reminder, all that I had heard. Second, to clear the matter up if ever I got back to England alive; and if wrong had been done to that old man, or to any body else, in father's name (without father's knowledge), to make restoration for his sake.

All that day I neither saw nor heard more of the supercargo. I passed a miserable night of it, after writing my memorandum, fighting with my loneliness and my own thoughts. The remembrance of those words in father's will, saying that the five hundred pound was money which he had once run a risk with, kept putting into my mind suspicions I was ashamed of. When daylight came I almost felt as if I was going to have the Horrors too, and got up to walk them off, if possible, in the morning air.

I kept on the northern side of the island, walking backward and forward for an hour or more. Then I returned to my cavern: and the first thing I saw, on getting near it, was other footsteps than mine marked on the sand. I suspected at once that the supercargo had been lurking about watching me, instead of going back to his own side; and that, in my absence, he had been at his thieving tricks again.

The stores were what I looked at first. The food he had not touched; but the water he had either drunk or wasted—there was not half a pint of it left. The medicine-chest was open, and the bottle with the hartshorn was gone. When I looked next for the pistol, which I had loaded with powder and shot for the chance of bird-shooting that never came, the pistol was gone too. After making this last discovery, there was but one thing to be done—namely, to find out where he was, and to take the pistol away from him.

I set off to search first on the western side. It was a beautiful, clear, calm, sunshiny morning; and as I crossed the island, looking out on my left hand and my right, I stopped on a sudden, with my heart in my mouth, as the saying is. Something caught my eye, far out at sea, in the northwest. I looked again—and there, as true as the heavens above me, I saw a ship, with the sunlight on her top-sails, hull down, on the water-line in the offing!

All thought of the errand I was bent on went out of my mind in an instant. I ran as fast as my weak legs would carry me to the northern beach; gathered up the broken wood which was still lying there plentifully, and, with the help of the dry scrub, lit the largest fire I had made yet. This was the only signal it was in my power to make that there were men on the island. The fire, in the bright daylight, would never be visible to the ship; but the smoke curling up from it in the clear sky might be seen, if they had a look-out at the mast-head.

While I was still feeding the fire, and so rapt up in doing it that I had neither eyes nor ears for any thing else, I heard the supercargo's voice, on a sudden, at my back. He had stolen on me along the sand. When I faced him he was swinging his arms about in the air, and saying to himself, over and over again, "I see the ship! I see the ship!"

After a little he came close up to me. By the look of him he had been drinking the hartshorn, and it had strung him up a bit, body and mind, for the time. He kept his right hand behind him, as if he was hiding something. I suspected that "something" to be the pistol I was in search of.

"Will the ship come here?" says he.

"Yes, if they see the smoke," says I, keeping my eye on him.

He waited a bit, frowning suspiciously, and looking hard at me all the time.

"What did I say to you yesterday?" he asked.

"What I have got written down here," I made answer, smacking my hand over the writing-case in my breast-pocket; "and what I mean to put to the proof, if the ship sees us and we get back to England."

He whipped his right hand round from behind him like lightning, and snapped the pistol at me. It missed fire. I wrenched it from him in a moment, and was just within one hair's-breadth of knocking him on the head with the butt-end afterward. I lifted my hand—then thought better, and dropped it again.

"No," says I, fixing my eyes on him steadily; "I'll wait till the ship finds us."

He slunk away from me; and, as he slunk, looked hard into the fire. He stopped a minute so, thinking to himself; then he looked back at me again, with some mad mischief in him, that twinkled through his blue spectacles, and grinned on his dry, black lips.

"The ship shall never find *you*," he said. With which words he turned himself about toward his own side of the island, and left me.

He only meant that saying to be a threat—but, bird of ill-omen that he was, it turned out as good as a prophecy! All my hard work with the fire proved work in vain; all hope was quenched in me long before the embers I had set light to were burned out. Whether the smoke was seen or not from the vessel is more than I can tell. I only know that she filled away on the other tack, not ten minutes after the supercargo left me. In less than an hour's time the last glimpse of the bright top-sails had vanished out of view.

I went back to my cavern—which was now likelier than ever to be my grave as well. In that hot climate, with all the moisture on the island dried up, with not quite so much as a tumblerful of fresh water left, with my strength wasted by living on half-rations of food—two days more, at most, would see me out. It was hard enough for a man at my age, with all that I had left at home to make life precious, to die such a death as was now before me. It was harder still to have the sting of death sharpened—as I felt it then—by what had just happened between the supercargo and myself. There was no hope now that the wanderings, the day before, had more falsehood than truth in them. The secret he had let out was plainly true enough and serious enough to have scared him into attempting my life, rather than let me keep possession of it, when there was a chance of the ship rescuing us. That secret had father's good name mixed up with it—and here was I, instead of clearing the villainous darkness from off of it, carrying it with me, black as ever, into my grave.

It was out of the horror I felt at doing that, and out of the yearning of my heart toward you, Alfred, when I thought of it, that the notion came to comfort me of writing the Message at the top of the paper, and of committing it in the bottle to the sea. Drowning men, they say, catch at straws—and the straw of comfort I caught at was the one chance in ten thousand that the Message might float till it was picked up, and that it might reach you. My mind might, or might not, have been failing me by this time—but it is true, either way, that I did feel comforted when I had emptied one of the two bottles left in the medicine chest, had put the paper inside, had tied the stopper carefully over with the oil-skin, and had laid the whole by in my pocket, ready, when I felt my time coming, to drop into the sea. I was rid of the secret, I thought to myself; and, if it pleased God, I was rid of it, Alfred, to *you*.

The day waned, and the sun set, all cloudless and golden, in a dead calm. There was not a ripple any where on the long oily heaving of the sea. Before night came I strengthened myself with a better meal than usual as to food—for where was the use of keeping meat and biscuit when I had not water enough to last along with them? When the stars came out and the moon rose I gathered the wood together and lit the signal-fire, according to custom, on the beach outside my cavern. I had no hope from it—but the fire was company to me; the looking into it quieted my thoughts, and the crackling of it was a relief in the silence. I don't know why it was, but the breathless stillness of that night had something awful in it, and went near to frightening me.

The moon got high in the heavens, and the light of her lay all in a flood on the sand before me, on the rocks that jutted out from it, and on the calm sea beyond. I was thinking of Margaret—wondering if the moon was shining on our little bay at Steepways, and if she was looking at it too—when I saw a man's shadow steal over the white of the sand. He was lurking near me again! In a minute he came into view. The moonshine glinted on his blue spectacles, and glimmered on his bald head. He stooped as he passed by the rocks and looked about for a loose stone: he found a large one, and came straight with it on tiptoe up to the fire. I showed myself to him on a sudden, in the red of the flame, with the pistol in my hand. He dropped the stone, and shrank back at the sight of it. When he was close to the sea he stopped, and screamed out at me, "The ship's coming! The ship's coming! The ship shall never find *you!*" That notion of the ship, and that other notion of killing me before help came to us, seemed never to have left him. When he turned, and went back by the way he had come, he was still shouting out those same words. For a quarter of an hour or more I heard him, till the silence swallowed up his ravings, and led me back again to my thoughts of home.

Those thoughts kept with me till the moon was on the wane. It was darker now, and stiller than ever. I had not fed the signal-fire for half an hour or more, and had roused myself up, at the mouth of the cavern, to do it, when I saw the dying gleams of moonshine over the sea on either side of me change color and turn red. Black shadows, as from low-flying clouds, swept after each other over the deepening redness. The air grew hot—a sound came nearer and nearer, from above me and behind me, like the rush of wind and the roar of water, both together, and both far off. I ran out on to the sand, and looked back. The island was on fire!

On fire at the point of it opposite to me—on fire in one great sheet of flame that stretched right across the island, and bore down on me steadily before the light westerly wind which was blowing at the time. Only one hand could have kindled that terrible flame—the hand of the lost wretch who had left me, with the mad threat on his lips and the murderous notion of burning me out of my refuge, working in his crazy brain. On his side of the island (where the fire had begun), the dry grass and scrub grew all round the little hollow in the earth which I had left to him for his place of refuge. If he had had a thousand lives to lose he would have lost that thousand already!

Having nothing to feed on but the dry scrub, the flame swept forward with such a frightful swiftness that I had barely time, after mastering my own scattered senses, to turn back into the cavern to get my last drink of water and my last mouthful of food, before I heard the fiery scorch crackling over the thatched roof which my own hands had raised. I ran across the beach to the spur of rock which jutted out into the sea, and there crouched down on the farthest edge I could reach to. There was nothing for the fire to lay hold of between me and the top of the island-bank. I was far enough away to be out of the lick of the flames, and low enough down to get air under the sweep of the smoke. You may well wonder why, with death by starvation threatening me close at hand, I should have schemed and struggled as I did to save myself from a quicker death by suffocation in the smoke. I can only answer to that, that I wonder too—but so it was.

The flames ate their way to the edge of the bank, and lapped over it as if they longed to lick me up. The heat scorched nearer than I had thought, and the smoke poured lower and thicker. I lay down sick and weak on the rock, with my face close over the calm, cool water. When I ventured to lift myself up again the top of the island was of a ruby red, the smoke rose slowly in little streams, and the air above was quivering with the heat. While I looked at it I felt a kind of surging and singing in my head, and a deadly faintness and coldness crept all over me. I took the bottle that held the Message from my pocket, and dropped it into the sea—then crawled a little way back over the rocks, and fell forward on them before I could get as far as the sand. The last I remember was trying to say my prayers—losing the words—losing my sight—losing the sense of where I was—losing every thing.

The day was breaking again when I was roused up by feeling rough hands on me. Naked savages—some on the rocks, some in the water, some in two long canoes—were clamoring and crowding about on all sides. They bound me, and took me off at once to one of the canoes. The other kept company—and both were paddled back to that high land which I had seen in the south. Death had passed me by once more—and Captivity had come in its place.

The story of my life among the savages having no concern with the matter now in hand, may be passed by here in few words. They had seen the fire on the island; and paddling over to reconnoitre, had found me. Not one of them had ever set eyes on a white man before. I was taken away to be shown about among them for a curiosity. When they were tired of showing me, they spared my life, finding my knowledge and general handiness as a civilized man useful to them in various ways. I lost all count of time in my captivity—and can only guess now that it lasted more than one year and less than two. I made two attempts to escape, each time in a canoe, and was balked in both. Nobody at home in England would ever, as I believe, have seen me again if an outward bound vessel had not touched at the little desert island

for fresh water. Finding none there, she came on to the territory of the savages (which was an island too). When they took me on board, I looked little better than a savage myself, and could hardly talk my own language. By the help of the kindness shown to me I was right again by the time we spoke the first ship homeward bound. To that vessel I was transferred; and in her I worked my passage back to Falmouth.

CHAPTER V.—THE RESTITUTION.

CAPTAIN JORGAN, up and out betimes, had put the whole village of Lanrean under an amicable cross-examination, and was returning to the King Arthur's Arms to breakfast, none the wiser for his trouble, when he beheld the young fisherman advancing to meet him, accompanied by a stranger. A glance at this stranger assured the captain that he could be no other than the Sea-faring Man; and the captain was about to hail him as a fellow-craftsman, when the two stood still and silent before the captain, and the captain stood still, silent, and wondering before them.

"Why, what's this!" cried the captain, when at last he broke the silence. "You two are alike. You two are much alike! What's this!"

Not a word was answered on the other side, until after the sea-faring brother had got hold of the captain's right hand, and the fisherman brother had got hold of the captain's left hand; and if ever the captain had had his fill of hand-shaking, from his birth to that hour, he had it then. And presently up and spoke the two brothers, one at a time, two at a time, two dozen at a time for the bewilderment into which they plunged the captain, until he gradually had Hugh Raybrock's deliverance made clear to him, and also unraveled the fact that the person referred to in the half-obliterated paper was Tregarthen himself.

"Formerly, dear Captain Jorgan," said Alfred, "of Lanrean, you recollect? Kitty and her father came to live at Steepways after Hugh shipped on his last voyage."

"Ay, ay!" cried the captain, fetching a breath. "*Now* you have me in tow. Then your brother here don't know his sister-in-law that is to be so much as by name?"

"Never saw her; never heard of her!"

"Ay, ay, ay!" cried the captain. "Why then we every one go back together—paper, writer, and all—and take Tregarthen into the secret we kept from him?"

"Surely," said Alfred, "we can't help it now. We must go through with our duty."

"Not a doubt," returned the captain. "Give me an arm apiece, and let us set this ship-shape."

So, walking up and down in the shrill wind on the wild moor, while the neglected breakfast cooled within, the captain and the brothers settled their course of action.

It was, that they should all proceed by the quickest means they could secure to Barnstaple, and there look over the father's books and papers in the lawyer's keeping: as Hugh had proposed to himself to do if ever he reached home. That, enlightened or unenlightened, they should then return to Steepways and go straight to Mr. Tregarthen, and tell him all they knew, and see what came of it, and act accordingly. Lastly, that when they got there they should enter the village with all precautions against Hugh's being recognized by any chance; and that to the captain should be consigned the task of preparing his wife and mother for his restoration to this life.

"For you see," quoth Captain Jorgan, touching the last head, "it requires caution any way, great joys being as dangerous as great griefs—if not more dangerous, as being more uncommon (and therefore less provided against) in this round world of ours. And besides, I should like to free my name with the ladies, and take you home again at your brightest and luckiest; so don't let's throw away a chance of success."

The captain was highly lauded by the brothers for his kind interest and foresight.

"And now stop!" said the captain, coming to a stand-still, and looking from one brother to the other, with quite a new rigging of wrinkles about each eye; "you are of opinion," to the elder, "that you are ra'ather slow?"

"I assure you I am very slow," said the honest Hugh.

"Wa'al," replied the captain, "I assure *you* that to the best of my belief I am ra'ather smart. Now, a slow man ain't good at quick business, is he?"

That was clear to both.

"You," said the captain, turning to the younger brother, "are a little in love; ain't you?"

"Not a little, Captain Jorgan."

"Much or little, you're sort preoccupied; ain't you?"

It was impossible to be denied.

"And a sort preoccupied man ain't good at quick business; is he?" said the captain.

Equally clear on all sides.

"Now," said the captain, "I ain't in love myself, and I've made many a smart run across the ocean, and I should like to carry on and go ahead with this affair of yours and make a run slick through it. Shall I try? Will you hand it over to me?"

They were both delighted to do so, and thanked him heartily.

"Good," said the captain, taking out his watch. "This is half past eight A.M., Friday morning. I'll jot that down, and we'll compute how many hours we've been out when we run into your mother's post-office. There! The entry's made, and now we go ahead."

They went ahead so well that before the Barnstaple lawyer's office was open next morning the captain was sitting whistling on the step of the door, waiting for the clerk to come down the street with his key and open it. But instead of the clerk there came the master, with whom the captain fraternized on the spot to an extent that utterly confounded him.

As he personally knew both Hugh and Alfred, there was no difficulty in obtaining immediate access to such of the father's papers as were in his keeping. These were chiefly old letters and cash accounts: from which the captain, with a shrewdness and dispatch that left the lawyer far behind, established with perfect clearness, by noon, the following particulars:

That, one Lawrence Clissold had borrowed of the deceased, at a time when he was a thriving young tradesman in the town of Barnstaple, the sum of five hundred pounds. That, he had borrowed it on the written statement that it was to be laid out in furtherance of a speculation which he expected would raise him to independence; he being, at the time of writing that letter, no more than a clerk in the house of Dringworth Brothers, America Square, London. That, the money was borrowed for a stipulated period; but that when the term was out the aforesaid speculation failed, and Clissold was without means of repayment. That, hereupon, he had written to his creditor, in no very persuasive terms, vaguely requesting further time. That, the creditor had refused this concession, declaring that he could not afford delay. That, Clissold then paid the debt, accompanying the remittance of the money with an angry letter, describing it as having been advanced by a relative to save him from ruin. That, in acknowledging the receipt, Raybrock had cautioned Clissold to seek to borrow money of him no more, as he would never so risk money again.

Before the lawyer the captain said never a word in reference to these discoveries. But when the papers had been put back in their box, and he and his two companions were well out of the office his right leg suffered for it, and he said:

"So far this run's begun with a fair wind and a prosperous; for don't you see that all this agrees with that dutiful trust in his father, maintained by the slow member of the Raybrock family?"

Whether the brothers had seen it before or no, they saw it now. Not that the captain gave them much time to contemplate the state of things at their ease, for he instantly whipped them into a chaise again and bore them off to Steepways. Although the afternoon was but just beginning to decline when they reached it, and it was broad daylight, still they had no difficulty, by dint of muffling the returned sailor up, and ascending the village rather than descending it, in reaching Tregarthen's cottage unobserved. Kitty was not visible, and they surprised Tregarthen sitting writing in the small bay-window of his little room.

"Sir," said the captain, instantly shaking hands with him, pen and all, "I'm glad to see you, sir. How do you do, sir? I told you you'd think better of me by-and-by, and I congratulate you on going to do it."

Here the captain's eye fell on Tom Pettifer Ho, engaged in preparing some cookery at the fire.

"That crittur," said the captain, smiting his leg, "is a born steward, and never ought to have been in any other way of life. Stop where you are, Tom, and make yourself useful. Now, Tregarthen, I'm going to try a chair."

Accordingly, the captain drew one close to him, and went on:

"This loving member of the Raybrook family you know, sir. This slow member of the same family, you don't know, sir. Wa'al, these two are brothers—fact! Hugh's come to life again, and here he stands. Now, see here, my friend! You don't want to be told that he was cast away, but you do want to be told (for there's a purpose in it) that he was cast away with another man. That man by name was Lawrence Clissold."

At the mention of this name Tregarthen started and changed color. "What's the matter?" said the captain.

"He was a fellow-clerk of mine, thirty—five-and-thirty—years ago."

"True," said the captain, immediately catching at the clew: "Dringworth Brothers, America Square, London City."

The other started again, nodded, and said, "That was the House."

"Now," pursued the captain, "between those two men cast away there arose a mystery concerning the round sum of five hundred pound."

Again Tregarthen started and changed color. Again the captain said, "What's the matter?"

As Tregarthen only answered, "Please to go on," the captain recounted, very tersely and plainly, the nature of Clissold's wanderings on the barren island, as he had condensed them in his mind from the sea-faring man. Tregarthen became greatly agitated during this recital, and at length exclaimed:

"Clissold was the man who ruined me! I have suspected it for many a long year, and now I know it."

"And how," said the captain, drawing his chair still closer to Tregarthen, and clapping his hand upon his shoulder, "how may you know it?"

"When we were fellow-clerks," replied Tregarthen, "in that London House, it was one of my duties to enter daily in a certain book an account of the sums received that day by the firm, and afterward paid into the banker's. One memorable day—a Wednesday, the black day of my life—among the sums I so entered was one of five hundred pounds."

"I begin to make it out," said the captain. "Yes?"

"It was one of Clissold's duties to copy from this entry a memorandum of the sums which the clerk employed to go to the banker's paid in there. It was my duty to hand the money to Clissold; it was Clissold's to hand it to the clerk, with that memorandum of his writing. On that Wednesday I entered a sum of five hundred pounds received. I handed that sum, as I handed the other sums in the day's entry, to Clissold. I was absolutely certain of it at the time; I have been absolutely certain of it ever since. A sum of five hundred pounds was afterward found by the House to have been that day wanting from the bag, from Clissold's memorandum, and from the entries in my book. Clissold, being questioned, stood upon his perfect clearness in the matter, and emphatically declared that he asked no better than to be tested by 'Tregarthen's book.' My book was examined, and the entry of five hundred pounds was not there."

"How not there," said the captain, "when you made it yourself?"

Tregarthen continued:

"I was then questioned. Had I made the entry? Certainly I had. The House produced my book, and it was not there. I could not deny my book; I could not deny my writing. I knew there must be forgery by some one; but the writing was wonderfully like mine, and I could impeach no one if the House could not. I was required to pay the money back. I did so; and I left the House, almost broken-hearted, rather than remain there—even if I could have done so—with a dark shadow of suspicion always on me. I returned to my native place, Lanrean, and remained there, clerk to a mine, until I was appointed to my little post here."

"I well remember," said the captain, "that I told you that if you had had no experience of ill-judgments on deceiving appearances, you were a lucky man. You went hurt at that, and I see why. I'm sorry."

"Thus it is," said Tregarthen. "Of my own innocence I have of course been sure; it has been at once my comfort and my trial. Of Clissold I have always had suspicions almost amounting to certainty; but they have never been confirmed until now. For my daughter's sake and for my own I have carried this subject in my own heart, as the only secret of my life, and have long believed that it would die with me."

"Wa'al, my good sir," said the captain, cordially, "the present question is, and will be long, I hope, concerning living, and not dying. Now, here are our two honest friends, the loving Raybrock and the slow. Here they stand, agreed on one point, on which I'd back 'em round the world, and right across it from north to south, and then again from east to west, and through it, from your deepest Cornish mine to China. It is, that they will never use this same so-often-mentioned sum of money, and that restitution of it must be made to you. These two, the loving member and the slow, for the sake of the right and of their father's memory, will have it ready for you to-morrow. Take it, and ease their minds and mine, and end a most unfort'nate transaction."

Tregarthen took the captain by the hand, and gave his hand to each of the young men, but positively and finally answered No. He said, they trusted to his word, and he was glad of it, and at rest in his mind; but there was no proof, and the money must remain as it was. All were very earnest over this; and earnestness in men, when they are right and true, is so impressive, that Mr. Pettifer deserted his cookery and looked on quite moved.

"And so," said the captain, "so we come—as that lawyer-crittur over yonder where we were this morning, might—to mere proof; do we? We must have it; must we? How? From this Clissold's wanderings, and from what you say it ain't hard to make out that there was a neat forgery of your writing committed by the too smart Rowdy that was grease and ashes when I made his acquaintance, and a substitution of a forged leaf in your book for a real and true leaf torn out. Now, was that real and true leaf then and there destroyed? No—for says he, in his drunken way, he slipped it into a crack in his own desk, because you came into the office before there was time to burn it—and could never get back to it arterwards. Wait a bit. Where is that desk now? Do you consider it likely to be in America Square, London City?"

Tregarthen shook his head.

"The House has not, for years, transacted business in that place. I have heard of it and read of it, as removed, enlarged, every way altered. Things alter so fast in these times."

"You think so," returned the captain, with compassion; "but you should come over and see *me* afore you talk about *that*. Wa'al, now. This desk, this paper—this paper, this desk," said the captain, ruminating and walking about, and looking, in his uneasy abstraction, into Mr. Pettifer's hat on a table, among other things. "This desk, this paper—this paper, this desk," the captain continued, musing and roaming about the room, "I'd give—"

However, he gave nothing, but took up his steward's hat instead, and stood looking into it, as if he had just come into Church. After that he roamed again, and again said, "This desk, belonging to this House of Dringworth Brothers, America Square, London City—"

Mr. Pettifer, still strangely moved, and now more moved than before, cut the captain off as he backed across the room, and bespake him thus:

"Captain Jorgan, I have been wishful to engage your attention, but I couldn't do it. I am unwilling to interrupt, Captain Jorgan, but I must do it. *I* know something about that house."

The captain stood stock-still, and looked at him—with his (Mr. Pettifer's) hat under his arm.

"You're aware," pursued his steward, "that I was once in the broking business, Captain Jorgan?"

"I was aware," said the captain, "that you had failed in that calling, and in half the businesses going, Tom."

"Not quite so, Captain Jorgan; but I failed in the broking business. I was partners with my brother, sir. There was a sale of old office furniture at Dringworth Brothers when the house was moved from America Square, and me and my brother made what we call in the trade a Deal there, sir. And I'll make bold to say, sir, that the only thing I ever had from my brother, or from any relation—for my relations have mostly taken property from me instead of giving me any—was an old desk we bought at that same sale, with a crack in it. My brother wouldn't have given me even that, when we broke partnership, if it had been worth any thing."

"Where is that desk now?" said the captain.

"Well, Captain Jorgan," replied the steward, "I couldn't say for certain where it is now; but when I saw it last—which was last time we were outward bound—it was at a very nice lady's at Wapping, along with a little chest of mine which was detained for a small matter of a bill owing."

The captain, instead of paying that rapt attention to his steward which was rendered by the other three persons present, went to Church again, in respect of the steward's hat. And a most especially agitated and memorable face the captain produced from it, after a short pause.

"Now, Tom," said the captain, "I spoke to you, when we first came here, respecting your constitutional weakness on the subject of sun-stroke."

"You did, sir."

"Will my slow friend," said the captain, "lend me his arm, or I shall sink right back'ards into this blessed steward's cookery? Now, Tom," pursued the captain, when the required assistance was given, "on your oath as a steward, didn't you take that desk to pieces to make a better one of it, and put it together fresh—or something of the kind?"

"On my oath I did, sir," replied the steward.

"And by the blessing of Heaven, my friends, one and all," cried the captain, radiant with joy—"of the Heaven that put it into this Tom Pettifer's head to take so much care of his head against the bright sun—he lined his hat with the original leaf in Tregarthen's writing—and here it is!"

With that the captain, to the utter destruction of Mr. Pettifer's favorite hat, produced the book-leaf, very much worn, but still legible, and gave both his legs such tremendous slaps that they were heard far off in the bay, and never accounted for.

"A quarter past five P.M.," said the captain, pulling out his watch, "and that's thirty-three hours and a quarter in all, and a pritty run!"

How they were all overpowered with delight and triumph; how the money was restored, then and there, to Tregarthen; how Tregarthen, then and there, gave it all to his daughter; how the captain undertook to go to Dringworth Brothers and re-establish the reputation of their forgotten old clerk; how Kitty came in, and was nearly torn to pieces, and the marriage was reappointed, needs not to be told. Nor how she and the young fisherman went home to the post-office to prepare the way for the captain's coming, by declaring him to be the mightiest of men who had made all their fortunes—and then dutifully withdrew together, in order that he might have the domestic coast entirely to himself. How he availed himself of it is all that remains to tell.

Deeply delighted with his trust, and putting his heart into it, he raised the latch of the post-office parlor where Mrs. Raybrock and the young widow sat, and said:

"May I come in?"

"Sure you may, Captain Jorgan!" replied the old lady. "And good reason you have to be free of the house, though you have not been too well used in it by some who ought to have known better. I ask your pardon."

"No you don't, ma'am," said the captain, "for I won't let you. Wa'al to be sure!" By this time he had taken a chair on the hearth between them. "Never felt such an evil spirit in the whole course of my life! There! I tell you! I could a'most have cut my own connection—Like the dealer in my country, away West, who, when he had let himself be outdone in a bargain, said to himself, 'Now I tell you what! I'll never speak to you again.' And he never did, but joined a settlement of oysters, and translated the multiplication-table into their language. Which is a fact that can be proved. If you doubt it, mention it to any oyster you come across, and see if he'll have the face to contradict it."

He took the child from her mother's lap, and set it on his knee.

"Not a bit afraid of me now, you see. Knows I am fond of small people. I have a child, and she's a girl, and I sing to her sometimes."

"What do you sing?" asked Margaret.

"Not a long song, my dear.

Silas Jorgan
Played the organ.

That's about all. And sometimes I tell her stories. Stories of sailors supposed to be lost, and recovered after all hope was abandoned." Here the captain musingly went back to his song:

"Silas Jorgan
Played the organ"

—repeating it with his eyes on the fire, as he softly danced the child on his knee. For he felt that Margaret had stopped working.

"Yes," said the captain, still looking at the fire. "I make up stories and tell 'em to that child. Stories of shipwreck on desert island, and long delay in getting back to civilized lands. It is to stories the like of that, mostly, that

Silas Jorgan
Plays the organ."

There was no light in the room but the light of the fire; for the shades of night were on the village, and the stars had begun to peep out of the sky one by one, as the houses of the village peeped out from among the foliage when the night departed. The captain felt that Margaret's eyes were upon him, and thought it discreetest to keep his own eyes on the fire.

"Yes; I make 'em up," said the captain. "I make up stories of brothers brought together by the good providence of GOD. Of sons brought back to mothers—husbands brought back to wives—fathers raised from the deep, for little children like herself."

Margaret's touch was on his arm, and he could not choose but look round now. Next moment her hand moved imploringly to his breast, and she was on her knees before him—supporting the mother, who was also kneeling.

"What's the matter?" said the captain. "What's the matter?

Silas Jorgan
Played the—"

Their looks and tears were too much for him, and he could not finish the song, short as it was.

"Mistress Margaret, you have borne ill fortune well. Could you bear good fortune equally well, if it was to come?"

"I hope so. I thankfully and humbly and earnestly hope so!"

"Wa'al, my dear," said the captain, "p'raps it has come. He's—don't be frightened—shall I say the word?"

"Alive?"

"Yes!"

The thanks they fervently addressed to Heaven were again too much for the captain, who openly took out his handkerchief and dried his eyes.

"He's no further off," resumed the captain, "than my country. Indeed, he's no further off than his own native country. To tell you the truth, he's no further off than Falmouth. Indeed, I doubt if he's quite so fur. Indeed, if you was sure you could bear it nicely, and I was to do no more than whistle for him—"

The captain's trust was discharged. A rush came, and they were all together again.

This was a fine opportunity for Tom Pettifer to appear with a tumbler of cold water, and he presently appeared with it, and administered it to the ladies: at the same time soothing them, and composing their dresses, exactly as if they had been passengers crossing the Channel. The extent to which the captain slapped his legs, when Mr. Pettifer acquitted himself of this act of stewardship, could have been thoroughly appreciated by no one but himself; inasmuch as he must have slapped them black and blue, and they must have smarted tremendously.

He couldn't stay for the wedding, having a few appointments to keep at the irreconcilable distance of about four thousand miles. So next morning all the village cheered him up to the level ground above, and there he shook hands with a complete Census of its population, and invited the whole, without exception, to come and stay several months with him at Salem, Mass., U. S. And there, as he stood on the spot where he had seen that little golden picture of love and parting, and from which he could that morning contemplate another golden picture with a vista of golden years in it, little Kitty put her arms round his neck, and kissed him on both his bronzed cheeks, and laid her pretty face upon his storm-beaten breast, in sight of all—ashamed to have called such a noble captain names. And there the captain waved his hat over his head three final times; and there he was last seen, going away accompanied by Tom Pettifer Ho, and carrying his hands in his pockets. And there, before that ground was softened with the fallen leaves of three more summers, a rosy little boy took his first unsteady run to a fair young mother's breast, and the name of that infant fisherman was Jorgan Raybrock.

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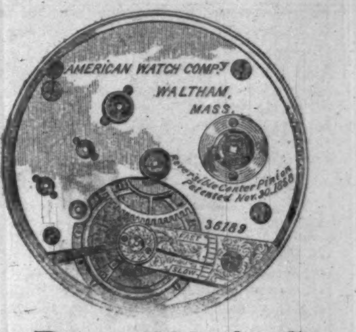

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